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VOL. V NO. 142

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1950.

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## New Arms Aid Bill Approved Tentatively

Washington, June 16. — Two Senate Committees today tentatively approved a bill authorising US\$1,222,500,000 in new foreign arms aid after sharply curtailing President Truman's request for power to help arm any nation.

The lion's share of the new programme — US\$1,000,000,000 — would go to the North Atlantic Pact powers. The remainder would be divided among Greece, Turkey, Iran, the Philippines, Korea and the Far Eastern countries.

The Joint Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees, however, withheld final action until Monday, pending discussions with Senator Arthur Vandenberg (Republican) on the extent of Presidential authority to sell or give American armament to other countries whose defence Mr. Truman deems vital to the United States.

The bill only authorises the money. The funds would have to be appropriated later.

### ATTLEE VISIT TO BEVIN

London, June 16. — The Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, is to visit the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, who is still in hospital after a recent operation.

Political correspondents are almost unanimous that the subject for discussion was the confusion caused by the Labour Party Executive's statement on European unity and the Schuman Plan for the integration of European coal and steel industries.

They claim that a clash has developed in the Cabinet over the manifesto. — Reuter.

### Smuts Comfortable

Pretoria, June 16. — General Jan Smuts, spent a fair night and was comfortable today. This news was given in an official bulletin issued at noon. — Reuter.

### EDITORIAL

## Those Cold War Tactics

WHAT the sequel will be to the Big Three's latest challenge to Moscow, announcing their joint intention of replacing their military High Commissioners in Austria by officials of civilian rank, and inviting the Soviets to do likewise, is problematical. Best guess, probably, is that the suggestion will be rejected or totally ignored, and that nothing overt by way of riposte is likely. It is to be taken more or less for granted that expectations in London, Washington and Paris, do not include any better result. The gesture, in fact, gives the impression of cold war tactics, handled in such a way that it cannot fail to bring home the truth. The futility of negotiating with Russia until the West has built up its North Atlantic alliance to an adequate position of strength has been repeatedly demonstrated by the continued statement in the West's attempts to conclude a peace treaty with Austria and withdraw the Occupation forces. For Moscow there is not the slightest excuse, unless it can be accepted as justification a desire to maintain the occupation of Austria and thereby keep the outer edge of the Iron Curtain actually or potentially as far West as possible. Under the Three-Power agreement concluded in Moscow in 1943 between Britain, the United States and Russia, Austria was supposed to be liberated from Hitler domination and to be re-established as a free and independent republic. That, in those days of innocence when it was believed that alliance against a common foe would cement friendship and create a co-operative spirit for future relations, had all the appearance of a plain and straightforward declaration which could stir no controversy over its execution. But today after more than two hundred meetings of delegates charged with drafting a fair and reasonable treaty,

bearing particularly in mind that Austria was herself invaded, was a victim of Hitler not a willing partner, that declaration remains a mockery. The reason is obvious enough. Behind it is the same uncompromising attitude, the same uncompromising attitude, the same uncompromising attitude, which makes Mr. Attlee and President Truman demand stronger guarantees against a complete waste of time before consenting to any approach to Stalin, by their own embassies, or through third parties, seeking a heart-to-heart talk over international affairs. In this matter of Austria, the Russians indulge in a well-practised cat-and-mouse game with the West and always find a new pretext to prevent agreement. First it was a question of German assets, until Moscow got its pound of flesh. Then it was an insistence that Austria should surrender Carinthia to Yugoslavia, until Tito caused mortal offence to the Kremlin and that was conveniently dropped. Then came a quibble over payment by Austria for Moscow's microscopic share of UNRRA relief. The last bit of mockery was the introduction into the argument of Trieste, which has nothing whatever to do with Austria, a demand for Western withdrawal from the Adriatic port as a condition for an agreement with the West over Austria. Had a satisfactory answer been found, something else would have been conjured up. The Soviets do not intend to withdraw occupation forces until they have consolidated their hold over their Eastern European satellites and, indubitably, exhausted hopes of adding Austria to the seizures. On that basis, there seems no point in persisting with negotiations. The other way, the new gesture of the Big Three, promises little more fruitful, but it limelights Soviet intransigence.

## Taking In The Falls



The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan (right), sits with his Begum and Mr. R. H. Saunders, of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, on the deck of the Maid of the Mist during their visit to Niagara Falls. The Falls can be seen in the background. (London Express Service)

## No Evidence Of Sabotage Aboard Destroyer Urania

Devonport, Devon, June 16. — Admiralty police today investigated a case of suspected sabotage on board a destroyer here. An Admiralty spokesman said that the damage had occurred to electrical machinery in the battle class destroyer Urania.

Because of a misunderstanding in signalling the Admiralty first believed that the incident had taken place on another destroyer, HMS Matapan.

An Admiralty official said tonight that it was not yet possible to state the cause of the damage in the Urania.

But it was learned here that the authorities, after initial investigation, believe that it is possible that carelessness and not deliberate sabotage may have been to blame.

HMS Urania returned to Plymouth in 1946 from service in the Pacific. She was in the news then, when it was reported that her First Lieutenant, 26-year-old A. R. H. Tedford, had disappeared the day before reaching port. — Reuter.

### NO EVIDENCE

Devonport, June 16. — After naval police had investigated suspected sabotage aboard the destroyer Urania here, the Admiralty stated tonight that there was no evidence at present that the damage was caused maliciously.

The statement said that a generator became overloaded, causing some damage to the ship's electrical machinery. — Reuter.

## HARRIMAN GIVEN NEW JOB

Washington, June 16. — President Truman today appointed Mr. Averell Harriman to new duties as special assistant to the President.

His duties will be to help the President carry out the nation's broad international responsibilities.

Mr. Harriman is now the United States' special representative in Europe for the Economic Co-Operation Administration, with the rank of Ambassador.

To succeed him in that post the President nominated Mr. Milton Katz of Massachusetts, Mr. Harriman's assistant in Europe.

Mr. Katz will have the rank of Ambassador.

The White House said in a statement: "The implementation of the decisions reached at the recent London meetings, and the integration of the various interests of the departments and agencies concerned with the development of Government-wide policies related to our international responsibilities, require a large measure of Presidential consideration and decision."

The President believes that Mr. Harriman's long experience in international affairs will be of great value in helping him to deal with these matters. Mr. Harriman will assume his new duties early in August. — Reuter.

## Urquhart Granted Exit Visa

The British Consul-General in Shanghai, Sir William Urquhart, is included in the latest official list of foreigners granted exit visa permits, according to a foreign arrival from the north.

Reuter's informant said 53 persons are on the list, which is the shortest since General Chen Yi's armies captured Shanghai, representing 12 nationalities, mostly Germans.

The exodus of foreigners from Shanghai via Tientsin has resumed after a brief stoppage owing to the inability of shipping companies to give even a probable date for the acceptance of passengers aboard their vessels sailing from Shanghai to Hongkong.

All leading shipping agents have passenger lists running into pages and pages, but in reply to inquiries state passengers can only be taken when all "risks" of travel have been eliminated.

Meanwhile, shipping companies will continue themselves to transporting the heavy backlog of cargo awaiting shipment both in Shanghai and Hongkong.

## BRITAIN TO PAY MORE IN MALAYA

London, June 16. — One of the most important results of the recent visit to Malaya of the Secretaries of State for War and for the Colonies was that Britain would almost certainly pay more towards the fight against the Communist guerrillas, the weekly review, the Economist, said today.

"If the struggle in Malaya lost, influence would be lost throughout the Far East. And with it would go much of the country's trade and standard of living."

"All these things hinge upon adequate British financial assistance to Malaya," the weekly said.

The Economist asked why the British taxpayer should pay more towards the cost of the Malayan campaign than the £5,000,000 paid over to Kuala Lumpur last year, the £3,000,000 already promised for this year, and the expenses of the imperial forces maintained in Malaya at an annual rate of about £5,000,000.

It answered: "The first answer is that the Federal Government needs all its available resources for financing long-term developments, like more schools, medical facilities and social services, in order at least to counter false Communist accusations that it is doing nothing to improve the lot of the people."

"Indeed, this is a vital part of the campaign itself. With emergency expenses constantly mounting, the Federation ought, as an absolute minimum, to have a firm underpinning from Britain that it will bear a fixed proportion of them," the Economist said. — Reuter.

## Further Arrests In Atom Secrets Leakage Clean-up

## FORMER AMERICAN NCO PICKED UP BY FBI

Pasadena, California, June 16. — A former United States Army non-commissioned officer, Davis Greenglass, aged 28, was arrested today on a charge of giving atomic secrets to Harry Gold, the Philadelphia chemist, who has been accused of passing atomic secrets to the Russians.

## ANHUI SETTLING ON BAR

No further information had been received by Messrs Butterfield and Swire about the steamship, Anhui, which struck a mine off Swatow about 6.30 p.m. yesterday.

It is learned from another source, however, that the 800 passengers on board, most of whom were coolies who had embarked in Singapore, had been safely taken off the ship by the steamers Fuyang and Gold to Gold's "Soviet principal," M. Semenov.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation identified the arrested man as Greenglass, aged 28, of New York City. He was a former United States Army non-commissioned officer at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Slack was accused of having passed samples of a powerful new American explosive through Gold to Gold's "Soviet principal," M. Semenov.

The United States Attorney General, Mr. Irving Saypol, said that Greenglass "conveyed information" regarding activities of the former Soviet business organization in the United States.

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The arrest came less than 24 hours after the seizure in Syracuse, New York, of Alfred Dean Slack, 44-year-old chemist, also alleged to be an accomplice of Gold.

Gold was arrested on May 23 a few hours after FBI agents had interrogated Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the German-born atom scientist, in a British prison, where he is serving a 14-year sentence for betraying atom secrets to Russia.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation identified the arrested man as Greenglass, aged 28, of New York City. He was a former United States Army non-commissioned officer at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Slack was accused of having passed samples of a powerful new American explosive through Gold to Gold's "Soviet principal," M. Semenov.

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and fraudulently given evidence before an industrial employment review board that he had never been a member of the Communist Party when, in fact, he had held membership under the name of Sidney Empson. — Reuter.

### LOS ALAMOS RECORDS

Washington, June 16. — The Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, announced the arrest in New York City today of David Greenglass on charges of conspiring with Harry Gold and a Russian agent to get information on atomic energy.

Mr. Hoover said Greenglass, who worked on highly confidential matters at the Los Alamos, New Mexico, atom bomb plant during the war, gave information to Gold which was subsequently turned over to Anatoli Yakovlev, the former Soviet Vice-Consul in New York.

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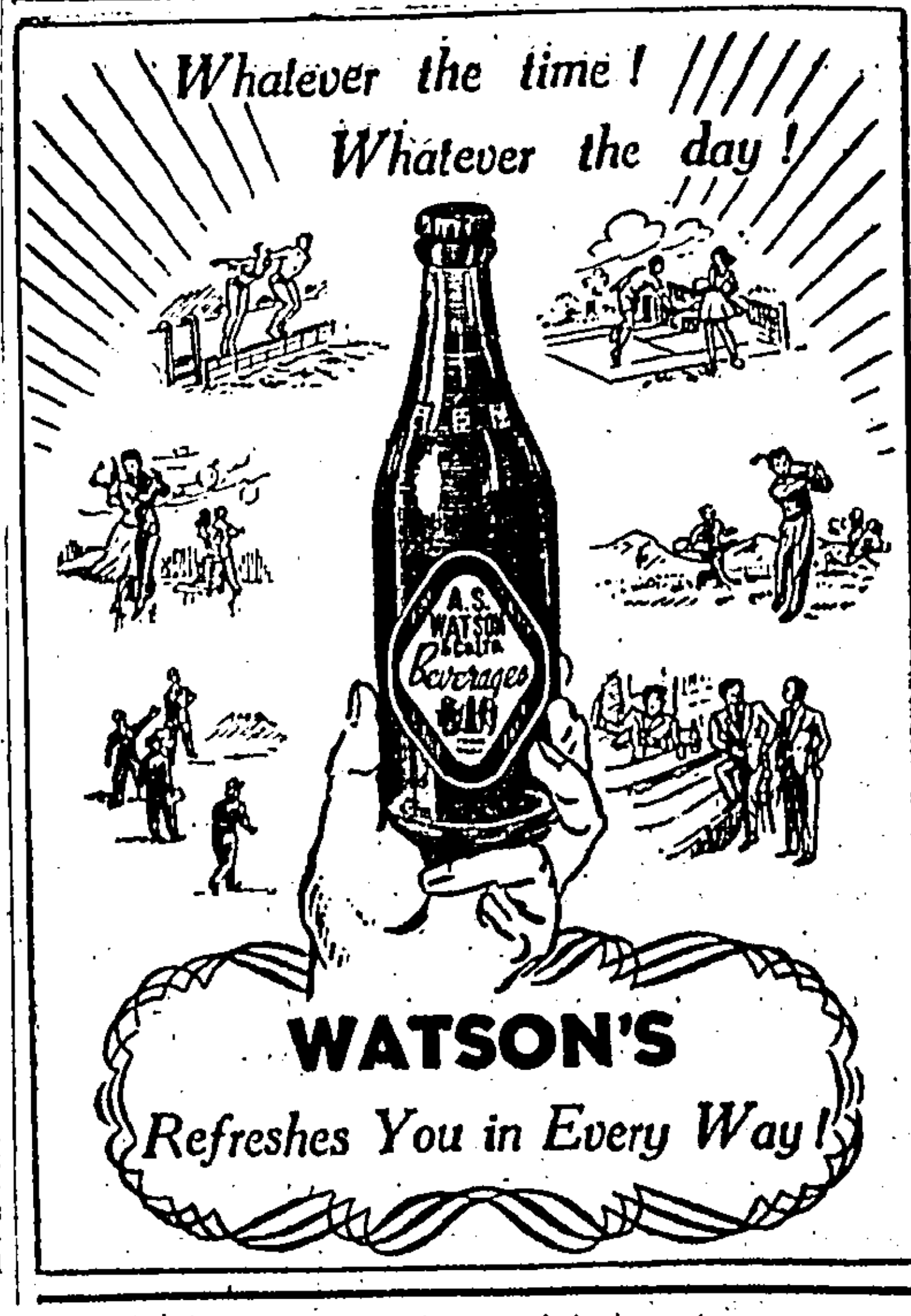
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Whatever the time!  
Whatever the day!



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Refreshes You in Every Way!

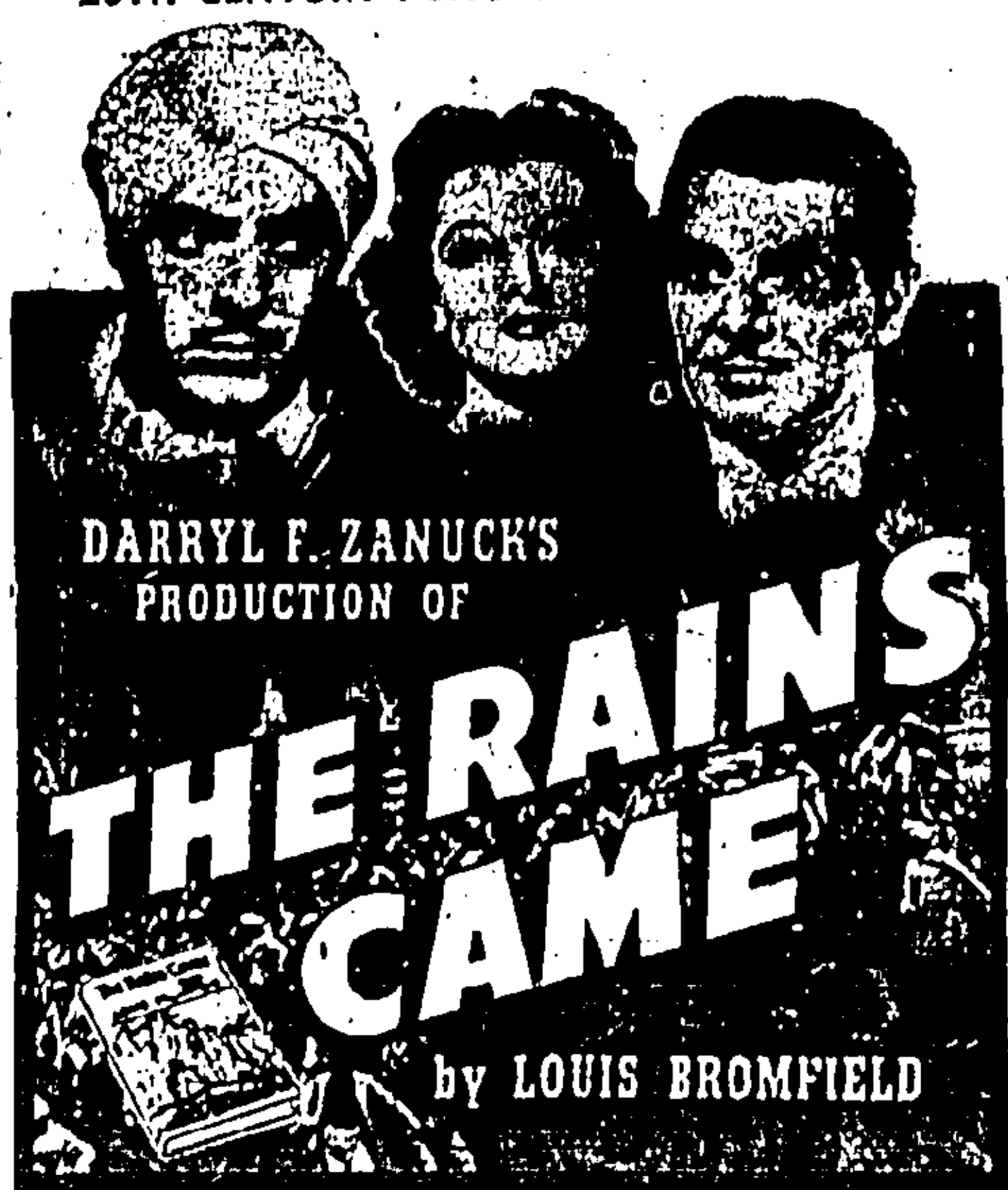


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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

20TH CENTURY-FOX'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT



LOY TYRONE POWER GEORGE BRENT

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ROXY AT 11.30 A.M. BROADWAY AT 12 NOON  
20th Century-Fox Presents A Variety Programme of  
"MIGHTY MOUSE  
CARTOONS & NEW  
COLORFUL ADVENTURES"  
At Reduced Prices

A Special Programme For  
Children  
"FAIRYTALE CARTOONS  
IN TECHNICOLOR"  
Exclusive First Showing In  
Kowloon

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SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A GLORIOUS AND SHINING PAGE IN FRONTIER  
HISTORY! BRAVE IN EVERY LINE!  
THRILLING IN EVERY SCENE! ROMANTIC  
IN EVERY FEATURE!

John Ford's New and Finest  
picture of the Fighting Cavalry!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30  
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"  
R.K.O. Radio Film.

5 SHOWS TO-DAY



At 12.30, 2.30,  
5.30, 7.30 &  
9.30 p.m.

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The FARMER'S SON

IN COLOR DIALOGUE IN MANDARIN

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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW  
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A SPECIAL PROGRAMME FOR THE CHILDREN

"FAIRYTALE CARTOONS IN  
TECHNICOLOR"

EXCLUSIVE FIRST SHOWING IN KOWLOON

1. Puss In Boots.
2. Headless Horseman.
3. Valiant Tailor.
4. Don Quixote.
5. Aladdin, Wonderful Lamp.
6. Old Mother Hubbard.
7. Happy Days.
8. Jack & Beanstalk.
9. Jack Frost.
10. Brave Tin Soldier.

DAVID LEWIN REPORTS FROM SPAIN:

## 'But you can't rehearse a bull,' said Ava Gardner's matador



THE BEAUTY AND THE BULLFIGHTER  
Mario Cabre and Ava Gardner... Interlude on the set

The Saturday filmspot by LEONARD MOSLEY

## Jean charts herself a new course

Hollywood, for example, has not Elizabeth Taylor into the public prints in a large way by just this method. And for Miss Taylor it is right.

Jean, on the other hand, needed something far more important. She needed film parts in which she could show off her potential, but exciting, talents.

Did she not think? I ask you! They just threw the girl into any old film ("Uncle Silas," "The Blue Lagoon," "Adam and Eve") because they wanted to keep her in work and pick up any box-office popularity that was going.

On the face of it, she hasn't a care in the world. She has just been acclaimed the most popular star at the British box-office.

At 21, she looks as lovely as a June bloom. She has money in the bank, a large car in the garage, and the Island Revenue authorities obviously love her.

But Jean is clever enough to realise that, just over her personal horizon, the clouds are curdling.

The reason? Blame a lot of thumb-fingered film executives who have spent the last two years fumbling with the Simmons future, and not making a success of it.

When Jean Simmons fulfilled a bright promise by turning in a fine performance as Ophelia in "Hamlet," all the world acclaimed her.

After recovering from their astonishment at unearthing an international find, the Rank Organisation got together in conference and decided to give Jean a wallow in a bath of the highest-powered publicity they could think up.

They rushed the girl around to all the parties. They hooked her arm around other stars, and called in the photographers. For months she was never free from a new stunt.

Now I have no particular objections to this kind of pressurised publicity—providing the right sort of star is chosen for it.

Barcelona, Spain. — The British film unit out here in Spain were pretty green on the matter of bulls. They even suggested to Mario Cabre, Catalonia's Number One matador, that for the film "Pardora and the Flying Dutchman" he should fight a contented cow, with false horns to make it look fierce.

That hurt Mario rather more than the arrival of Frank Sinatra. So the idea was dropped.

Instead, six bulls were bought (at £220 a bull), with a rebate of about £10 when a slightly used bull is returned.

But before long more problems about bulls cropped up than Ernest Hemingway ever dreamed of.

In fact, the bulls became more important for a time than James Mason and Ava Gardner, the two stars of the film.

The first day Mario Cabre went into the bullring at Gerona the cameramen wanted to leave the gates open. "They will spoil the shot," it was argued.

Solemnly, Mario Cabre explained to Ava Gardner: "You can't rehearse a bull." Bulls, he said, are not organised for film makers.

Then the film unit learned another thing about bulls. You can feed them some of the time, but not all the time. Not after 25 minutes, in fact. After that a bull ignores the cape, and goes straight for the matador.

Afterwards came the question of the banderillas. In Britain a film cannot show them sticking into a bull.

So it was suggested that they be put on with suction. The bull would not really be hurt then. But this idea was turned down.

Pardora and the banderilleros were signified, and Mario is to fight the bull with just a cape.

That's for Britain. But for Spain and America there will be banderillas.

Said producer Albert Lewin: "We have one version for the civilised world—and another for Britain." Not a pleasant remark to make.

THE DUMMY

Now back to Mario. There is an even chance that he may be killed by a bull. But that does not worry him quite as much as his part in the film. This requires him to be gored by a bull.

For the shot a rubber dummy the shape of Mario will be used. Said Mario: "It is terrible. It could happen when I am not playing a part in a picture."

Back at the Tossa head-

quarters of the film unit, it is open house for the visitors.

Roy Kelly talks about films with his former wife, Pamela, now Mrs James Mason.

Mason himself appears on the beach, for a scene. Then retreats to his villa to watch the view.

Out at sea Frank Sinatra goes fishing, but talks about his career. He says: "But, you know, I never saw a woman swoon. I would not know what to do if I did."

He makes two admissions. The only singing lesson he had was to broaden the range of his voice. He cannot read music.

Now he wants to be more than just a crooner. Gene Kelly is teaching him to act—and maybe a dance step or two.

Sinatra, 32, and a former newspaper boy believes that in the word "act" lies the clue to his future.

THE STATUES

Apart from the bullfighting there are interludes of car racing and historical excavations in the film.

Sir John Cobb's old car is out for the first, and studio-

# LEE Liberty

Daily at 2.30, 5.15, Daily at 2.30, 5.30,  
7.30 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

The best movie **BING** ever made!

Its heart-warming Mark Hellinger story is set to six grand and glorious tunes!



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MUSICAL  
ENTERTAINMENT  
OF THE HALF CENTURY!

LEE LIBERTY

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

Latest Newsreels & Color Cartoons  
Programme  
Warner Bros. Pictures  
AT REDUCED PRICES

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

"RIDING HIGH"

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

WARNER BROS. ALL-HAPPINESS MUSICAL

DENNIS DORIS JACK  
MORGAN DAY CARSON

It's a Great Feeling

ALL THESE 'GUEST STARS'  
GARY COOPER & JOAN CRAWFORD & ERROL FLYNN  
SYDNEY GREENSTREET & PATRICIA NEAL & ELEANOR PARKER  
RONALD REAGAN & EDWARD G. ROBINSON & JACK WYMAN

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 A.M. ONLY Rita HAYWORTH Tyrone POWER

"BLOOD & SAND" "YANK IN THE RAF"

AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING TO-DAY

KING'S

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

The KID FROM TEXAS

AUDIE GALE MURPHY-STORM

ADDED: Latest Universal-International Newsreel

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY  
"TARZAN AND THE MERMAIDS"  
Starring Johnny Weissmuller & Brenda Joyce  
RKO Radio Picture & At Reduced Prices



## "JEPS" ON THE JOB

-Patrol (Lower):  
 -Patrol (Manners): Wonderful one-  
 (Groes).  
 RADIO NEWSREEL (LOW-  
 DON RELAY).  
 WEATHER REPORT.  
 "GOODNIGHT MUSIC."  
 Marcel Palouti at the Organ.  
 Magic Chimes (Hust); Whispering  
 the Flowers (Franz); Serenades  
 (Robinson);  
 (Malden); Le Danse (Rosen-  
 GOD SAVE THE KING.  
 CLOSE DOWN.



# PEER IN A COTTAGE SECRET WEDDING

At 54, Lord Bolingbroke, the shy bachelor, adds a new chapter to one of the strangest stories of the peerage.

by EVELYN IRONS

SWINDON.  
FIFTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD bachelor Vernon Henry Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John, and tenth baronet, descendant of the famous Tory statesman, was married very quietly on Thursday, June 15.

Five years ago he became engaged to Miss Valazina Frohawk, daughter of the late Mr. F. W. Frohawk, of Sutton, Surrey. They married at Christ Church, Sutton. Extreme secrecy was kept about the wedding, and only a handful of friends and relatives were asked to it.

Heir to the titles is the Viscount's cousin, 61-year-old Captain Geoffrey Robert St. John, MC.

One of the strangest of all the strange stories of the peerage is Lord Bolingbroke's.

When he was three years old, the fifth viscount died at the age of 79.

## 'MR. AND MRS.'

This amazing old man had lived in London with a woman called Ellen Medex from 1869 until 1885. They had one daughter; no record of the marriage could be found, although they



THE BOLINGBROKE ARMS  
"Neither to seek nor to despise honours"

were always known as "Mr and Mrs Morgan." "Mrs Morgan" died.

Later the fifth Lord Bolingbroke lived with his housekeeper, Mary Howard. They had two sons. In 1893, when Lord Bolingbroke was 73, they married, and three years later another son was born.

It was not until 1926, twenty-seven years after his father's death, that the present Lord Bolingbroke was able to prove that he, this baby born in 1896, was the rightful heir, and that his father had never married Ellen Medex.

His petition was heard before the Committee of Privileges in 1922. The committee reported in

favour of the petition, and in 1926 a writ summoned Vernon Henry Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John to the House of Lords.

Lord Bolingbroke will not take his bride to the ancient Bolingbroke seat of Lydiard Tregoze, near Swindon in Wiltshire, home of his family since the Norman Conquest.

He left there nearly seven years ago, when the manor and 150 acres of parkland round it were sold to the Swindon Corporation for £4,500. The rest of the 4,000-acre estate had already been sold.

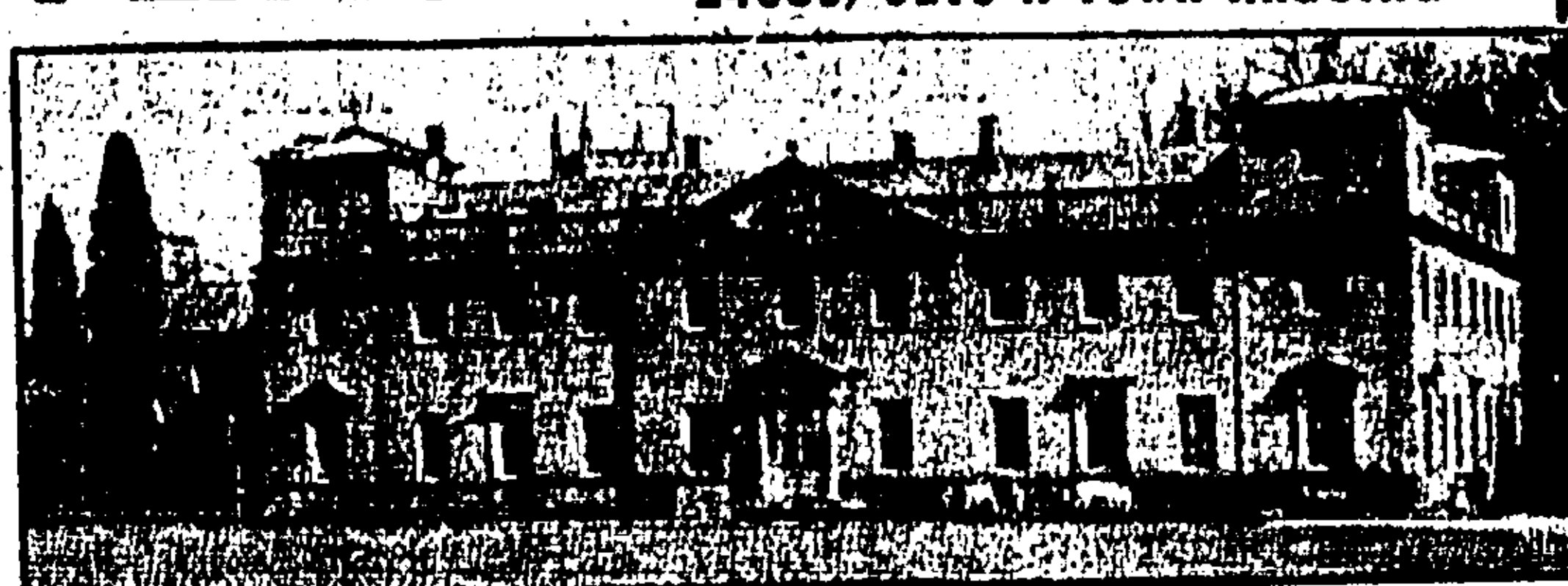
## IN SECLUSION

He now lives in strictest seclusion in an old red brick and black clapped cottage on the edge of the New Forest at Crow in Hampshire. There, a tall figure in an open neck khaki shirt, corduroy trousers and heavy workman's boots, this shy man with graying sandy hair and spectacles lives alone with no servant.

Crow has no shop, no pub. Lord Bolingbroke does not own a car. To get to the nearest town, Ringwood, just over two miles away, he bicycles or takes the once-daily bus.

He rarely bothers to cook for himself. He spends

## PLANS



Bargain or white elephant? Swindon's ratepayers bought the Bolingbroke home of Lydiard Tregoze for £4500. But it costs them £1500 a year in repairs. Should they scrap it?

some of his time pottering round his small orchard and garden, but most of his life is devoted to his collection of butterflies and moths, on which he is an expert.

## 'ALL FINISHED'

He refuses to discuss either his marriage or his ancestral home. To an inquirer, who requested information for a book on famous English country houses, he said, "The place was never mine, there was a mortgage; it was owned and sold by a trust. I owned some of the contents and I sold some pictures a few years ago."

"I spent 30 happy years there. Now it is all finished and I want to forget it." I understand that the cottage at Crow cost Lord Bolingbroke only a few hundreds of pounds less than the price Swindon Corporation paid for Lydiard Tregoze, one of the show places of England.

But many of the 70,000 people of Swindon, home of one of the world's biggest railway works, say that Lydiard Tregoze is no bargain, but a white elephant.

Taxman Bill Hiscok, whom I hired to take me the five miles there from Swindon station, said, "I don't exactly know where it is. Nobody has ever asked me for it before."

Yet, not a week passes without some knowledgeable person making a pilgrimage to this lovely, tragic place.

Lovely, because of its mellow Georgian front, its elegantly gabled roof, its gracefully ruffled chimneys, its superbly pillared rooms (it was rebuilt in 1743). Tragic, because the £1,500 which the Corporation is spending yearly on repairs (that is a penny in rates) is just not enough to keep step with the ravages of damp and decay, of dry rot and death watch beetle.

At least double that is needed to stem the ruin. The Socialist council, who bought the place, decided to adapt the house as a conference centre with sleeping accommodation for 30 visitors and to develop the parkland and the grounds as a public pleasure ground with tennis and bowling.

Estimated cost of that was £25,000 three years ago. It would be more now.

## MAYOR'S 'NO'

Will the new council (politically independent) pursue this plan? Will it, in the teeth of public opposition, even add a penny to the rates to provide another fifteen hundred a year for preventing the place from falling down?

The new Mayor, Socialist Alderman Jimmy Bond, white-haired piecework checker in the loco works, has always been against the scheme.

The National Trust have been unable to intervene because there is no endowment and the house is in such disrepair.

There have been private offers to buy the house free of the corporation including one from ex-MP Ronald Tree, of four times the price they paid for it. But so far none has been accepted. And one proposal is—pull the building down.

Nobody lives there now except caretaker Harry Cough and his wife. The present viscount and his mother, who died ten years ago, occupied the housekeeper's quarters. There is no electricity or gas there, are 51 rooms, and no one bathroom. And I was told that

no fire had warmed the great rooms for 40 years.

Scaffolding cradles one of the three turrets where workmen are putting on a new roof. But despite their efforts, rain pours through the roof. Under a gaping ceiling of an upstairs bedroom six galvanised buckets stand to catch the water.

The crimson damask flock paper of the small but beautiful parlour is torn and peeling. The room and ballroom are torn and patched with green mildew.

Great gaps yawn in the exquisitely decorated plaster ceilings. Ugly patches of damp and rot show where the water has got in. Over it all breathes the dank, mildewy smell of decay.

Just outside the manor wall, approached down the avenue of arching yew, thus that leads to the house, is one of England's greatest treasures, the parish church of St. Mary, Lydiard Tregoze. This is not part of the Bolingbroke property. Everything here has been carefully and expertly preserved.

## KILLED, 1645

The church is stuffed with rich and splendid monuments of Lord Bolingbroke's family. There is the dashing golden cavalier, flanked by scarlet robed angels, who was Edward St. John, killed fighting for King Charles in 1645. There is the superb memorial of Sir John St. John and his two wives, and their children, said to be the finest effigies in Britain.

And there is a remarkable family tree, with portraits and heraldic emblems painted on wood in a folding triptych, showing that one of Lord Bolingbroke's ancestors was Margaret Beaufort, mother of King Henry VII.

Back in Swindon, Councillor L. J. Newman, vice-chairman of the town's education committee, declared, "No matter what it costs, we must preserve the old house. The people must learn to appreciate beautiful things."

And Mr A. Theobald, retired sheet metal worker, countered, "Scrap it. It's nothing but a waste of money."

# The King Knew More Than The Admiral

By CHARLES WILKINSON

ADMIRAL William D. Leahy in the rugged navy veteran with a salty tongue and a Middle Western suspicion of foreign nations, whom Roosevelt appointed to the specially created post of American Chief of Staff during the war.

In this position Leahy both advised Roosevelt, the Commander-in-Chief of the American armed forces, on global strategy and at the same time acted as chairman of the American Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Leahy thus held the most responsible job of any regular officer in any army during the war.

How did he use the immense power with which he was entrusted? He was the devoted servant and intimate friend of Roosevelt whom he regarded as "a world figure of heroic proportions."

## First thought

But Leahy's first thought was always for the security of America and if he believed that any proposal was not good for his country he did not hesitate to tell Roosevelt what he thought with all the traditional directness of a naval officer. Yet, English readers of the fascinating and invaluable story contained in his expanded diary of the war called *I Was There* (Collins, 25s.) may sometimes wonder whether a more appropriate title would not be *I Was Wrong*.

Leahy lacked the wider vision which imperial responsibilities gave to British staff chiefs, and he sometimes viewed global strategy from too narrow a point of view.

This becomes evident if we compile a list of some of his major errors: 1—He grossly underestimated the destructive power of the atom bomb. A few days before it was dropped on Hiroshima he told King George VI, "It sounds like a professor's dream to me." The King, who was better informed, replied, "Admiral, would you like to lay a bet on that?"

2—He constantly opposed Churchill's efforts to make a bigger effort in the Mediterranean on the grounds that the British were only attempting to extend the influence of their Empire instead of concentrating solely on the defeat of Hitler. Yet it was at least partly due to Leahy's advice that the Truman Doctrine was enunciated for the defence of Greece and Turkey. Would this ever have been necessary if Churchill's advice had been taken?

## Lend-Lease

3—It is apparent that Leahy believed Roosevelt, with Lend-Lease cut off immediately after the end of the war and acted on that basis after the war was over in Europe. We have the testimony of Stettinius, former American Secretary of State, that the abrupt cessation of Lend-Lease supplies to Russia—an action taken, astonishingly enough, without reference to the State Department—caused a marked deterioration in Russo-American relations.

4—Following his Ambassadorship in France Leahy was a bitter opponent of De Gaulle whom he considered did too much talking and too little fighting. It is Leahy who exerted the constant pressure on Roosevelt to play along with De Gaulle and Laniel.

5—Leahy thought Roosevelt erred in selecting Truman rather than Byrd as his running mate in the Presidential elections of 1944. He now admits Roosevelt was right.

But on naval affairs it is clear that Leahy's immense experience and sage counsel was of the greatest value to the Allied war effort. It is interesting to see that he considered Japan could be beaten by the application of sea and air power, without an invasion of the mainland and without the use of the atom bomb.

Leahy, indeed, once he realised the poisonous possibilities of the atom bomb, reacted strongly against it. He felt that in using it "we had adopted an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages."

## Roosevelt envious

Here is powerful support for those who believe that the atom bomb should not have been used against the Japanese without full warning.

His book is interspersed with some excellent anecdotes of the innumerable high level conferences which he attended during the war. I liked the remark of Field-marshal Sir John Dill, after meeting Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek, "I received a very definite impression that the Chinese are not lacking in 'she' power."

We see Roosevelt perhaps a little envious of Churchill's ability as a speaker remarking to Leahy as Churchill addresses a news conference at the first Quebec conference, "He always orator, doesn't he, Bill?"

We see some of the constant interchange of cables between Roosevelt and Churchill on the conduct of the war, with Churchill stubbornly arguing the case against an early second front.

We see Churchill, worn out after the end of the war in Europe and weary after the British General Election, criticising the actions of Russia so violently that Mr Joseph E. Davies, Truman's special emissary, asked him whether he "was now willing to declare to the world that he and Britain had made a mistake in not supporting Hitler."

Churchill answered that he had been under very great pressure, and that the expressions might have been stronger than he had intended to convey.

(London Express Service)



"Quit telling Mr. Strachey to mind his nut. Mr. Strachey's very touchy about nuts."

London Express Service

# Eve Perrick ON EVERYBODY'S TOES

A PROFESSIONAL UNEXPECTED GUEST  
DODGES CROWDS FOR GOOD SERVICE

ROVING round the world goes a man about whom all the hoteliers could sing: "If we knew you were coming we'd have baked a cake."

He is L. (for Little), but he won't tell you. Russell Muirhead, and for 20 years he has been on his travels and reporting his findings in guide books. These guides carry no advertising.

If Mr Muirhead or one of his two assistants find a place satisfactory, they mention it. If they are displeased with an hotel, restaurant, or any other place of interest, they don't. But, as no one knows what Mr Muirhead looks like—he is 52, tall, darkish, with no distinguishing marks—the caterers are often caught napping.

Since the war Muirhead and company have been busy catching up on things in Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. This week the first post-war edition of the guide to England is published.

This one was Muirhead's personal survey. How did he find "Well, not so bad as some people imagined," he says. "English hotels—well, they're erratic. Now, if only foreign visitors here would become

sportmen and take a chance on angry dollar-spending guests one morning and explain that there wasn't an egg in the place.

## 'LOATHED'

AT LAST someone has done it. A literary magazine, under new management, edited by Mr BEETON'S novelist great-niece NANCY SPAIN, has started a book feature, "These We Have Loathed."

One hotel has become an unmentionable for Mr Muirhead. He arrived there late one evening and claimed a room. The receptionist—"one of the chilly sort, you know the kind"—said she'd never heard of him.

He produced a copy of the letter he had sent, stating his intentions. She looked at it, replied: "Oh, that's just a card-bomb—how do I know you didn't just write it to show that you had made a reservation?"

With England safely in print, Mr Muirhead sets forth to spy out the land in Southern France. "The trouble with my job," he sighs, "is you never get a chance to 'take a holiday'."

## SHELL OUT

SHEEPISH waiters at one of London's smartest (and most expensive) hotels had to face

leathered. People just won't be put off.

## EQUATION

WHAT do jazz fans who want to buy the latest Jo Stafford record called M+H+R+3ee—oo x32=Bop 4/4na3 ask for when they go to the gramophone shop?

## LEARN A TRADE

CAMBRIDGE University students held a fair recently. Naturally they wanted a celebrity to declare the thing well and truly open—and they tried hard to get one.

First they attempted to get a duchess. No luck.

Second step was to contact a film star, but the Film and Theatrical Garden Party was being held on the same day. Even their own Vice-Chancellor had to turn down the invitation. He was doing some entertaining of his own.

No one thought of asking their old Cambridge class, now a well-known comedian.

Come home, JIM EDWARDS.

## WORDS, PLAIN

AWARDS for frank-speaking to Field-Marshal MONTGOMERY's nephew ex-Lieut. GARRY GARDNER, MONTGOMERY for admitting that he hated the Army, and adding: "Uncle, can I jump in?" and to actor STEVE COCHRAN, who said: "I can't imagine anything worse than being lost among a lot of actors."

(London Express Service)

# He Could Not Tell A Lie

by Billy Rose

AT the risk of being subpoenaed by the Committee on Un-American Activities, I'd like to get it into the record that the story of George Washington and his little hatchet is the most pernicious bit of clap-trap to be found in our school books.

Look at it: this way the obvious moral of the tale is that crime does pay—as long as you are properly contrite and confess on the spot. In other words, to its logical conclusion, Lizzie Borden, who was tried for meal-axing her maw and paw could have dispensed with her battery of expensive lawyers and waltzed out of the court room by simply declaring, "I can't tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Forty years ago in the good old mis-mel days, I was one of the charter members of the Allen Street Angels, a loosely knit but enterprising East Side organisation devoted to the twin arts of breaking windows and swiping hot chestnuts.

Patsy Doyle, a pimply bundle of upbraid was the leader of our frolicsome lodge, and had it been put to a vote the teachers of our school would have unanimously chosen him as the boy most likely to succeed in getting himself hung.

One Washington's birthday, I ran into Patsy on Rivington Street. The Boss Angel was bemused and when Patsy was now, decided to give the gim-mick a real whol.

garbage truck. Patsy wedged it set a match to it, and when the patrolman came rushing up, he found him warming his hands at the blaze.

"I can't tell no lie," Patsy began.

"Shaddap," said the cop. "I hear enough outta you for one day."

When I met up with Patsy a couple of days later, he was more bemused than ever.

"Like I tol' ya," he said, "dat Washington was a smart sonof-a-gun wid his system, a guy could get away wid moldah."

Patsy's next experiment in coming clean was to dump a box of apples outside Tony Scappilli's fruit market. As Tony ran out, screaming the Neapolitan equivalent of bloody murder, he found the Boss Angel waiting for him, munching one of the Cox's pippins.

"Who done it?" said Patsy. "I done it."

"Sure, and yer waitin should knock yer head in Geddadadadere."

Patsy drunk with power with the comment "Obviously a crank." The vagrant gave his name as Peter Donnelly.

I wonder if that could be egg crates, waiting for the

After routine investigation, the sheriff had released him with the comment "Obviously a crank."

The other day however, I read a story in the papers which made my eyebrows do a pole vault. It was about a hiker who had waked up to the sheriff of a small Florida town and confessed he had hit a motorist over the head with a hatchet and buried the body in a nearby swamp.

After routine investigation, the sheriff had released him with the comment "Obviously a crank."

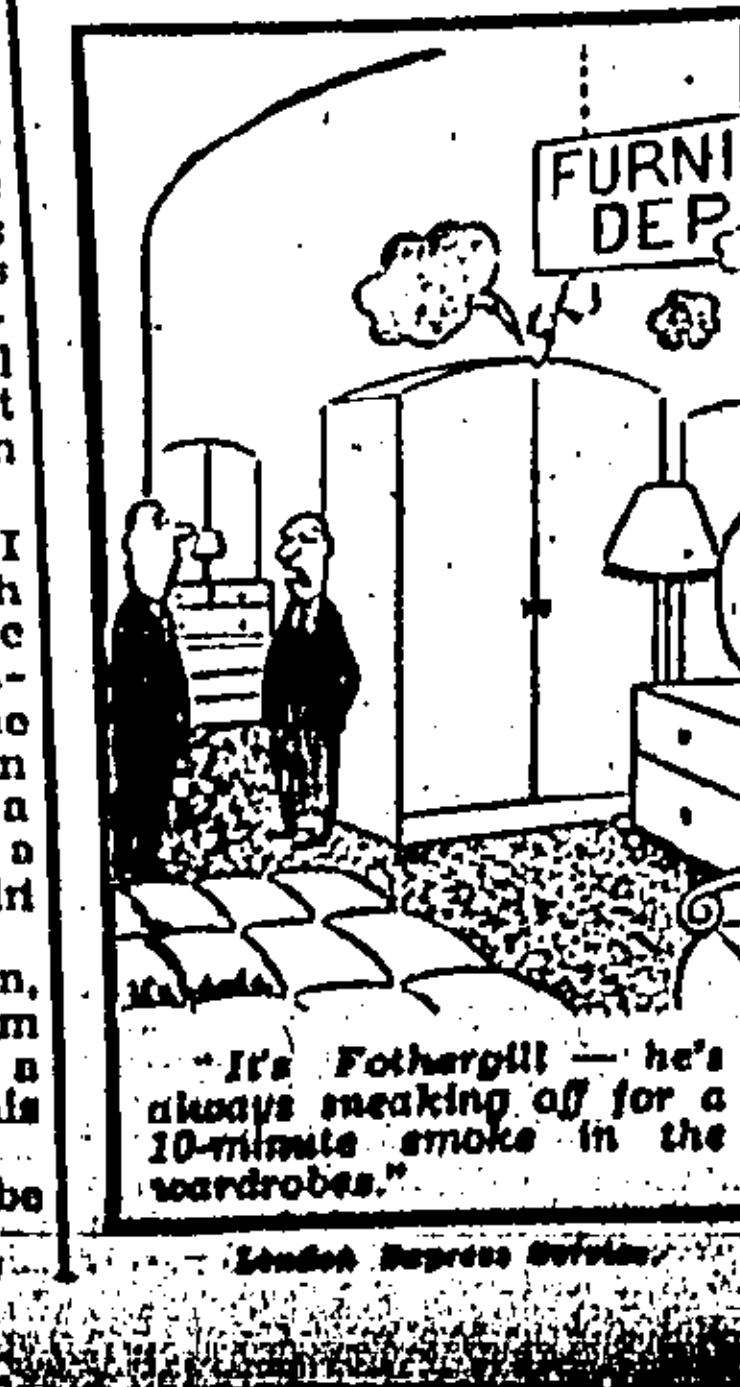
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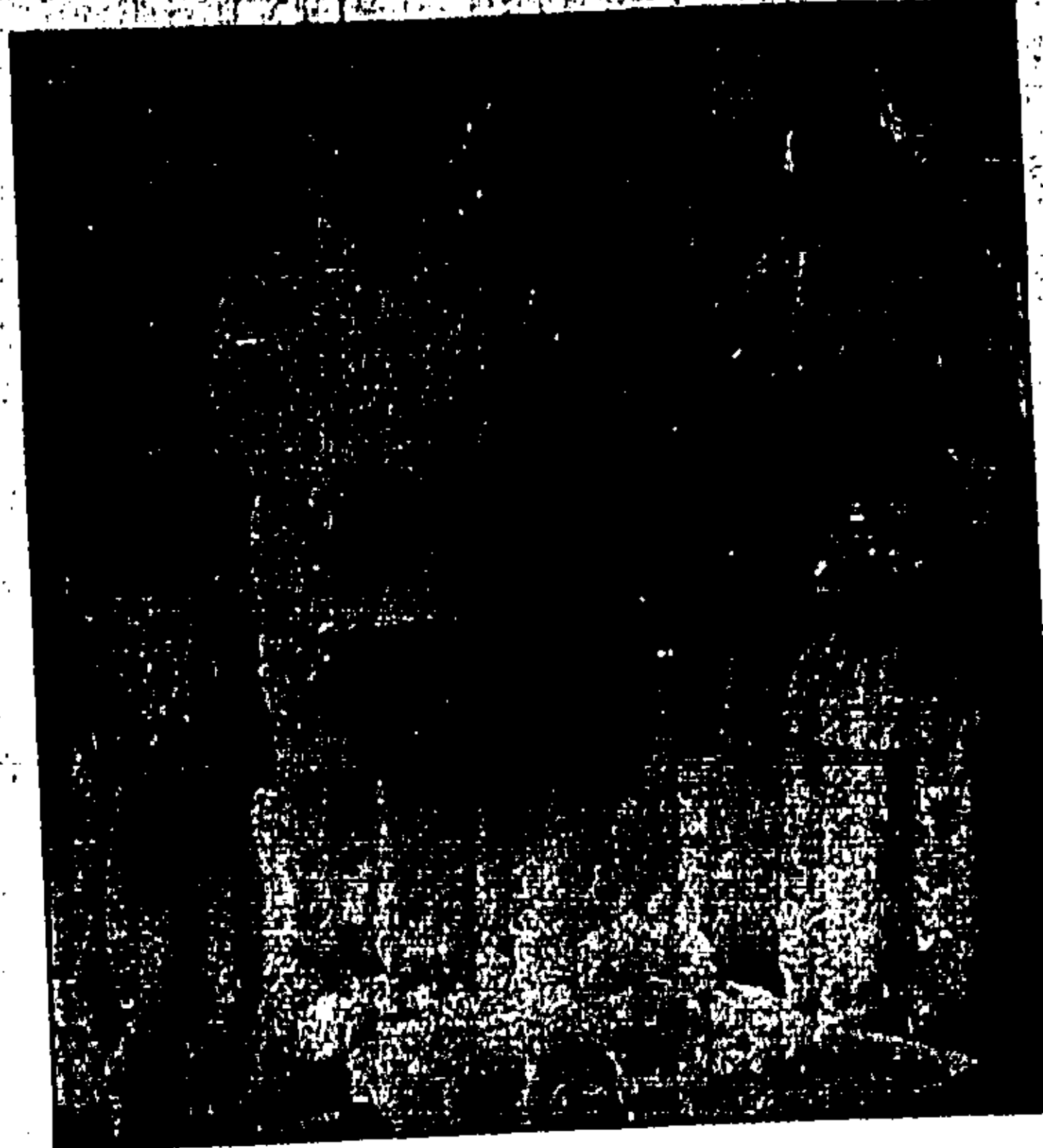
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It's Fothergill—he's always sneaking off for a 10-minute smoke in the wardrobe.

(London Express Service)





THE Rt. Hon. John Strachey, Secretary of State for War, who paid a short visit to Hongkong last week, snapped when he inspected military camps in the Colony. He saw the troops in training and in their quarters, and noted the problems brought up by some of the men. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

PICTURE taken after the wedding at St Joseph's Church last Sunday of Mr Ignacio Manuel da Silva and Miss Stella Maria Sadick. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

PHOTOGRAPH commemorating the christening of Rhoderick, baby son of Mr and Mrs R. T. Smith, at St John's Cathedral. (Roy Tsang)



COL. L. T. Rido (extreme right), Commandant of the Hongkong Defence Force, and other high-ranking officers witnessed a demonstration by a Hongkong Regiment carrier platoon in the New Territories last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

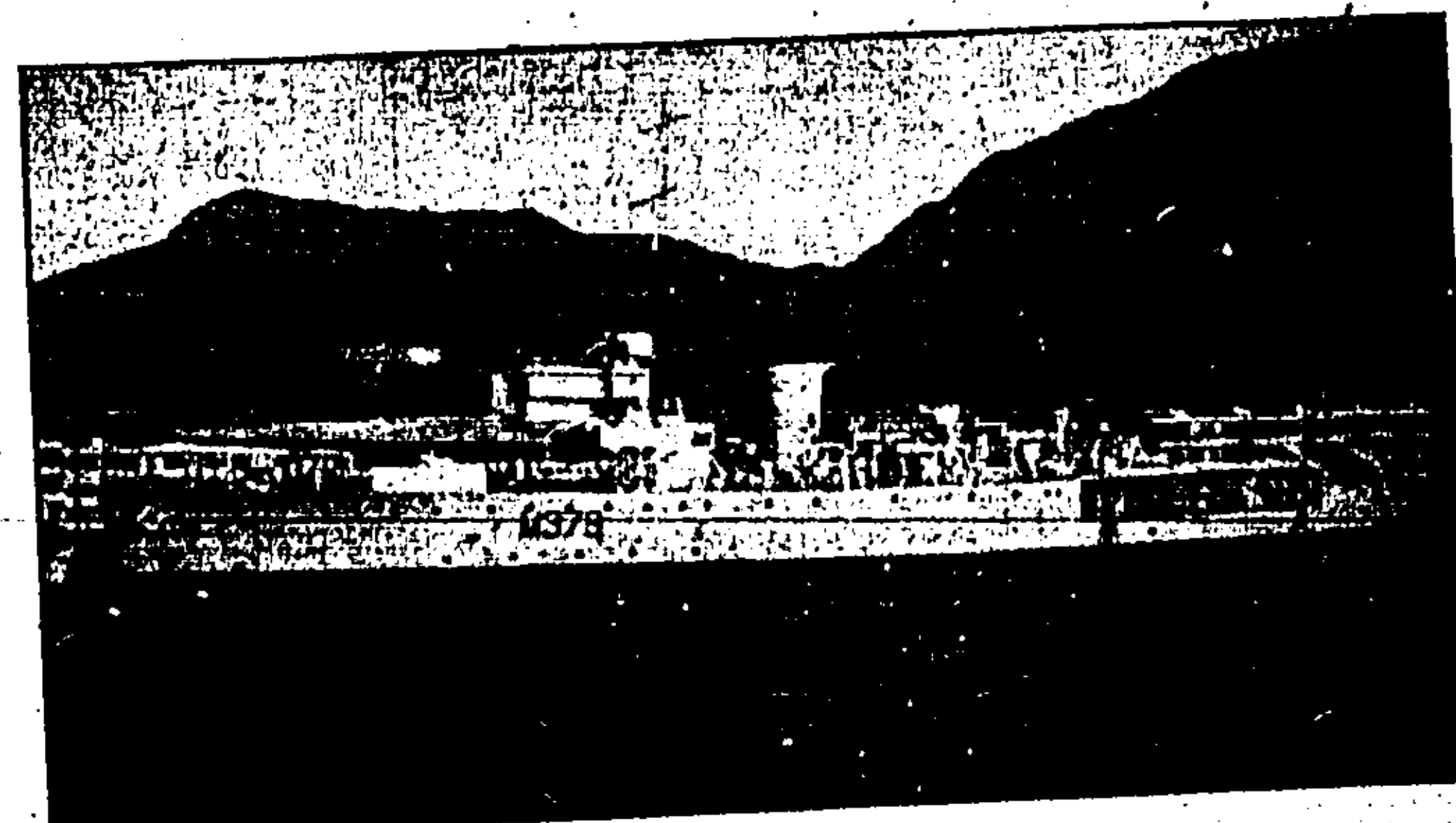


PICTURE taken at Rosary Church last Sunday after the wedding of F/Lt. John William Pilo and Miss Maria Teresa da Monexes Rodrigues. (Golden Studio)



GROUP photograph taken at a Farewell party given by the District Watch Force in honour of Mr C. T. Byron, Inspector-in-Charge of the Force, seated in middle of front row. (Moo Cheung)

LEFT: After the wedding of Mr P. J. LeTissier and Miss G. W. Jordan at the English Methodist Church last Saturday. (Jimmy Foo)



SCENES at Government House last week at the Garden Party in honour of the birthday of His Majesty the King. In the reception line at left are HE the Governor and Lady Grantham, the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, War Secretary, and General Sir John Harding, C-in-C, Far East Land Forces. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

HMS Lysander, lent by the Royal Navy to the Hongkong Naval Defence Force to be used as a depot ship, was last week renamed HMS Cornflower. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

## Bargains

during next week

- shoes
- 
- bags
- 
- hats
- 
- dresses
- 
- undies
- 
- materials

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## Brief And Fitting



Illustrated is a Horrockses two-piece beach outfit in cotton, printed with extra large white spots. The bra is particularly well fitting, with three buttons down the front, and the brief pants are neat. Over it can be worn a matching hip-length beach coat.

## Colour is the key to a holiday wardrobe

PLANNING a holiday wardrobe does not mean buying everything new (most of us would probably end up without the price of a holiday).

Planning means clever picking from what clothes you have as well as careful buying. A basic colour for accessories is the first big money saver... and luggage space saver, too.

One set of leather accessories (black, brown or navy) goes a long way—you need a handbag; sturdy, comfortable walking shoes; a pair of dressy shoes; summer sandals and a light handbag.

Avoid buying clothes (with the exception of beach clothes) which can be worn only on holiday.

Gay linen sandals are as suitable for the beach as with cotton evening dresses. Take two wool day dresses if you are holidaying in Britain. Blouses are indispensable. Tailored shirts in black and pin stripes to wear with cotton skirts and jeans; lace blouses with jewelled buttons for cocktails and dancing.

## These don't crease

CHOOSE packable fabrics. Nylon, pure silk, and wool are naturally crease-resistant. Many other materials will lose their creases if hung in a steamy bathroom.

Seracruker is a perfect holiday fabric, as it does not need ironing.

Avoid plain white. It does not wear clean in spite of all that shop assistants say.

White, with a coloured spot, looks as fresh and is more practical than plain white.

It is unnecessary generally to take anything but cotton evening dresses. Bulky-to-pack billowing full gowns are not worth the worry.

Button-through cardigans are useful and can be given new life with Petersham binding or facing at the front.

And don't forget a raincoat and costume jewellery.

## Retain your smartness

THE hot weather, for too many City typists, simply meant leaving off hats and stockings and unbuttoning coats.

But it is no more expensive to dress well in the summer than in the winter. It takes more time.

Blouses must be kept fresh, and collars kept white. Never go without stockings unless you are wearing sandals.

It is smarter to wear a hat—an ordinary beret costs only a few shillings and in white, will go with any outfit.

## To the point

FROM Paris each season's fashion line is faithfully reported in America and London, although, comparing reports, ours appear brief and to the point.

America says: Wear a billow in the back of your skirt. Fluffing at your throat. Toothpick slim skirt. Wear gabardine. Pencil slim skirt. Wear authentic tartans. Ditch the brown. Flecked with blue.

London says: Know a cliffon in your necktie. Plus four, with outside bloomer legs, are the latest bits of nonsense from Paris. When you would wear them is doubtful. They would be fatal on a bicycle and look silly on a beach. But the idea is amusing—seen from a distance!

Do you know that... You should never store bed and table linen in a cupboard near a hot water cistern or other source of heat? In a warm dry atmosphere it is liable to become dry and brittle and even turn yellow. Choose a cool place, free from dampness, to preserve its whiteness and prevent deterioration or mildew?

A picture hat.



Washable cotton evening dress in a large spot design.

Linen that is to be stored for a long time should not be starched.

A little salt added to the washing water will help to keep linen white.

## Shopping news

1 A new sandwich-maker, which trims and toasts a sandwich in two minutes over an open fire. Costs 13s. 11d. and can be used in and out of doors.

2 Gloves with astring backs and pastel coloured leather palms—35s.

3 A stainless steel sink which has electrically driven brushes fitted for washing up.

## Those soggy salads

RECIPE: A restaurant fresh fruit salad too often these days means a stewed plum, a piece of soggy apple, and three grapes.

When making it at home try a cubed pineapple with fresh strawberries and lemons, or raw apricots with prunes. Another good mixture is grapes, fruit sections with green grapes, or melon with grapes.

—(London Express Service)

## Fashion In The Sun



Strong sunshine, apart from fashion, demands sunglasses at Windsor races. Above, Mrs J.S. Elwes wears heavy white frames, matching her white felt cap with oak apple motif. Below, saris and sunglasses. Mrs L.V. Malikan and Mrs A. Thadani.



London Express Service.

## Sun Glasses...

NEW fashion in sun glasses is the all-in-one sun shield, which not only looks glamorous but keeps to the shape of the face and keeps the light out from the sides.

Another unusual model has a combined sun-glass and mirror lens, so that the wearer can see out, but... her friends can only see their own reflections.

—(London Express Service)



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## YOUR MOST EXPRESSIVE FEATURE

A BEAUTICIAN once said "The mouth is the most mobile feature; the eye, the most active; the eyebrow the most expressive." He also says that all lines of make-up should tend upward. It is a good idea to let the eyebrows lift slightly at the far end, you get that effect with the crayon. A touch of the crayon at the end of the eye gives the illusion that the lashes are thick there. To impart the up-tilt to the lips draw a toothpick across the lipstick, make a fine rising line at the corners of the lips.

If the feminine countenance is to look alive and radiant it must be on the up and up, never dragged down. Drooping lines lend a look of despair and age to the face. They should be avoided in every way. No woman can afford to ignore what clever, restrained make-up will do for her.

MISGUIDED women who still seem to have quaint ideas concerning their eyebrows should come to their senses. Film stars, who were responsible for their devaluation are no longer affecting exotic and startling patterns. Make-up artists who influence the beauty trend are telling their lovely clients that the most flattering place for the eyebrow is right where nature places it; that is, the space from the upper edge of the eye to the brow should be exactly as wide as the opening of the eye itself. On the average person this is on the ridge of the frontal bone.

Plucking too much along the lower border of the eyebrow means that two things will happen; the eye seems smaller in appearance and an unattractive bulge, which reflects highlights, is left where the naturally placed eyebrow would be. It is granted, by experts that light-coloured brows should be treated with mascara. The crayon can be employed but it should be used with the utmost discretion and a steady hand.

## £10,000 Mink

FOR the Duchess of Westminster some thing new in fur coats is being designed: a jet black natural mink. It will probably cost £1,000.

In America six coats of natural black mink have already been made, at a cost of £10,000 each. Greta Garbo has one. So has Joan Crawford. These coats were made from minks which were born black.

In London tests have been made by Mayor Cyril Kent with black mink "blends." By this is meant dyeing. Ordinary dyes leave the fur without lustre; but now British craftsmen have found a way to keep the skin supple and shining. The long, black, ripple-back coat for the Duchess of Westminster will be the first of its kind.

If the eyes are set close together, deepen the colouring at the outer corners. Round, prominent eyes appear to take on a more attractive contour if the shadows are a bit heavier in the centre of the lids. That is the way to make the most of this type of good looks witchery.

## DOTS and DASHES



DASHES in navy and white are the feature of this garden party model in crepe. The stripes of graduated widths give a most unusual appearance.



DOTS in black pattern this summer favourite, which combines horizontal pleated skirt, gleaming sharkskin material and the new U-shaped neckline.

London Express Service.

## Whaleboned And Laced

Mme. Repiquet, in 1820, a famous corset-maker of Paris, was the first to show her corsets on a living model. Mme. Mayer, another famous corset maker, exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1823, a corset made without busk or whalebone, reinforced ribbon replacing the usual form of stiffening. However, it had little influence as whalebone and finally metal were used in corsets throughout the century.

By 1830 the waist had become so small that the most envied was one that could be measured with the two hands. To emphasise this attitude the skirts were made very full and reached only to the ankles, the shortest they would be until after World War I. Very thin women padded their skirts around the hips to emphasise the waist, several starched petticoats were used to hold out the hem of the skirt. Until 1830 the holes for lacing the corset had been made with buttonhole stitching but at this date, Daubee who was a doctor with the armistice of Napoleon, created the metallic eyelet. For sometime, however, the metallic eyelet was covered with button-hole stitching.

With the Restoration of the Monarchy in 1814 fashion began another change, restoring some of the rigid court formality that had been abolished during the Revolution and the Directory. The feminine silhouette turned to the corseted figure, with sloping shoulders, big sleeves, tiny waist and bell-shaped skirt.

The waistline became more normal and corsets were made longer and higher covering the bust. They were stiffly whaleboned with a wide busk in front and laced at the back.

## LONDON FASHIONS DRAW THE MONEY

by EILEEN ASCROFT

FASHION FORTNIGHT is making people happy all round.

Manufacturers report that buyers are visiting their showrooms and are placing steady orders. Buyers are enthusiastic about the models they have seen. "Better in quality and style than last year, and cheaper, too," is the general verdict.

The Board of Trade are glad they persevere with the Fortnight in spite of criticism last year. Buyers have attended the organised fashion shows and other functions in fair numbers, whereas last year it was difficult to find a buyer who was ordering.

It is too early yet to assess what the Fortnight will produce in hard cash, but already some manufacturers have received large orders.

Most popular choice of the 250 buyers from 31 countries is the tailored suits. There is a persistent demand for checks, both large and small.

## Highlights

Most unusual checked jumper suit was in jersey tweed in a subtle combination of cherry and dark green. The jumper suit had a slim skirt and knitted sleeves and turned-back basque; the matching overcoat was three-quarter length, straight and loose, double-breasted, with low revers and deep patch pockets.

The three-in-one suit has a skirt and unlined waistcoat cum tunic-in-top, which together look like a dress and matching jacket. Without the waistcoat it makes a smart autumn suit. One collection introduces companion woollen cloths for the first time woven together, in black and white had a de-

## TOWN SUIT

In black doe-skin, his long lapels, nipped waistline, moulded hips and slender wrap skirt.

one half of the width one material the other half complementary but quite different. This was effective in a tailored dress of plain purple wool and grey flecked with black and white woven together.

## If it rains...

With a heat-wave on, buyers gathered in Grosvenor House ballroom to see latest glamour rainwear models by 11 members of the Rubber Proofed Garment Manufacturers' Association.

Proofed gabardine shower coats are now so smart that many will be doing double duty as winter coat. One all-wool model in claret had a companion in fisherman's hat; another in emerald green had a matching cap like a baseball player's. In line with the new craze for checks, a shepherd's plaid coat in black and white had a de-

tachable cape and a deerstalker's hat, the whole outfit rather reminiscent of Sherlock Holmes.

New rayons Exhibition of new materials at the Rayon Centre included unscrutable satins, cloques and transparent organdies, cross-checked with nylon, Rayon also produces lace, net and fine filament crepe.

Designer of an original bottle design print is Royal Academy exhibitor John Minton, from Oldham.

## Beauty news

The week's beauty news includes a feather pressed powder which is a great improvement on the old cake compact. This is pressed so that no stray specks spill on to clothes when the compact is opened, yet it dusts on to the puff as loosely as you please.

Latest import from Paris to London is a mask of egg-brown, which must be repeated every night for ten days to revitalise tired skins. Cost is over £3, but French women swear by it.

—(London Express Service)



## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## GARDENING NOTES

## When the wogs attack your roots

EVERY day this year, Sundays included, wogs have been at work causing plants to rot, off underground, with the result that nasturtiums, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, beans, peas, sweet peas, and what-not have literally died with their roots on.

Humid conditions, accompanied by more than our regular issue of rain, have been largely responsible for the various parasitic, soil-inhabiting fungi getting out of hand, and it hasn't been easy to tell people that once the plants turn yellow and become stunted, that nothing can be done to save them.

The trouble, of course, is more common in heavy soils than light, sandy areas, mainly because such soils are not so easy to drain. But this season both root and crown rot have been widespread in practically all districts and particularly in gardens that have been under cultivation for many years.

## Serious losses

As a result of this outbreak and serious losses, gardeners have spent pounds buying fungicidal sprays and dusts of different kinds, without getting any noticeable control. It was ever thus, for once the trouble is in, nothing can be done. The reason for this is that the micro-organisms responsible work underground, and the yellowing, wilting, and stunting are purely secondary symptoms of what is happening or has happened below ground.

In the circumstances it is advisable to remove most plants from infected soil and to sterilize the ground with formalin. The dose recommended is one part of commercial formalin diluted with fifty parts of water. Loosen the soil first with a fork and then pour the mixture at the rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  gallons to the square foot, the amount depending on the quantity necessary to saturate the soil. Some soils, it might be mentioned, take more saturating than others.

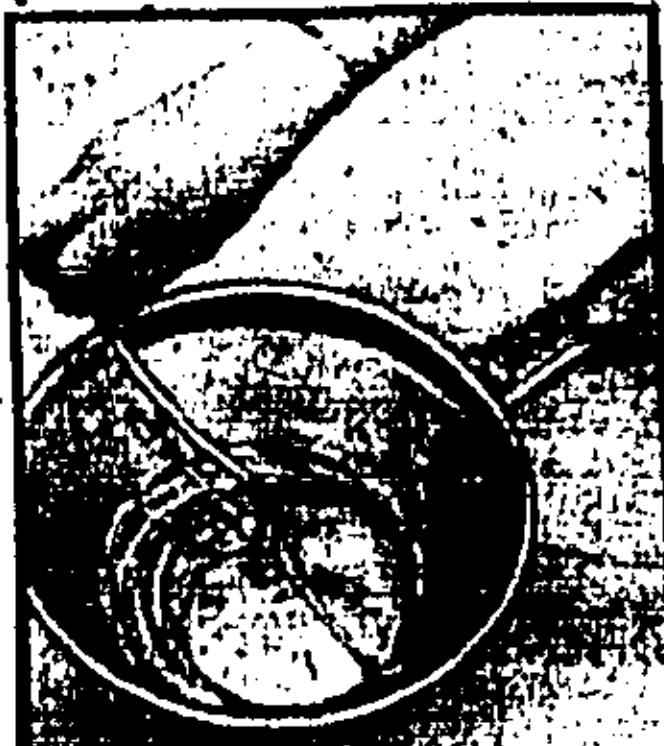
## Cover over

The treated soil should then be covered over for 12 hours with bags or several thicknesses of newspaper, after which the covers are removed and the soil stirred several times during the next fortnight to allow the fumes to escape. The ground can then be repacked with seed or seedlings set out. This treatment invariably cleans up the fungi of crown or root rot.

In addition to the plants previously mentioned, carnations, delphiniums, zinnias, lettuce, silver beet, and many other plants are affected at times. Ornamental trees and many shrubs, also perennials and biennials, are also allergic to the diseases, and may fade out after having wilted without the foliage showing any symptoms other than curling.

## This week's GADGET

By JOAN DALE



From the French housewife's kitchen comes this useful gadget with which you can steam and poach a whole batch of cooked vegetables in a few minutes.

Strongly made, it operates with a revolving handle and two discs. Price 16s.

London Express Service.

## New hat

NEW YORK.—To make an old hat new style—clamp a clip on the cloche!

Both jewellers and milliners are promoting a spring trend toward more dangling glitter on head hugging hats.

Large, multi-colour of pearl and rhinestone pieces are being attached to brims, underbrims and hat bands.

Most distinctive of the many approaches to the gem-and-headgear combination is placement of a dangle-pin in the centre front of a cloche-type hat....

## HOUSEKEEPING BY THE BOOK

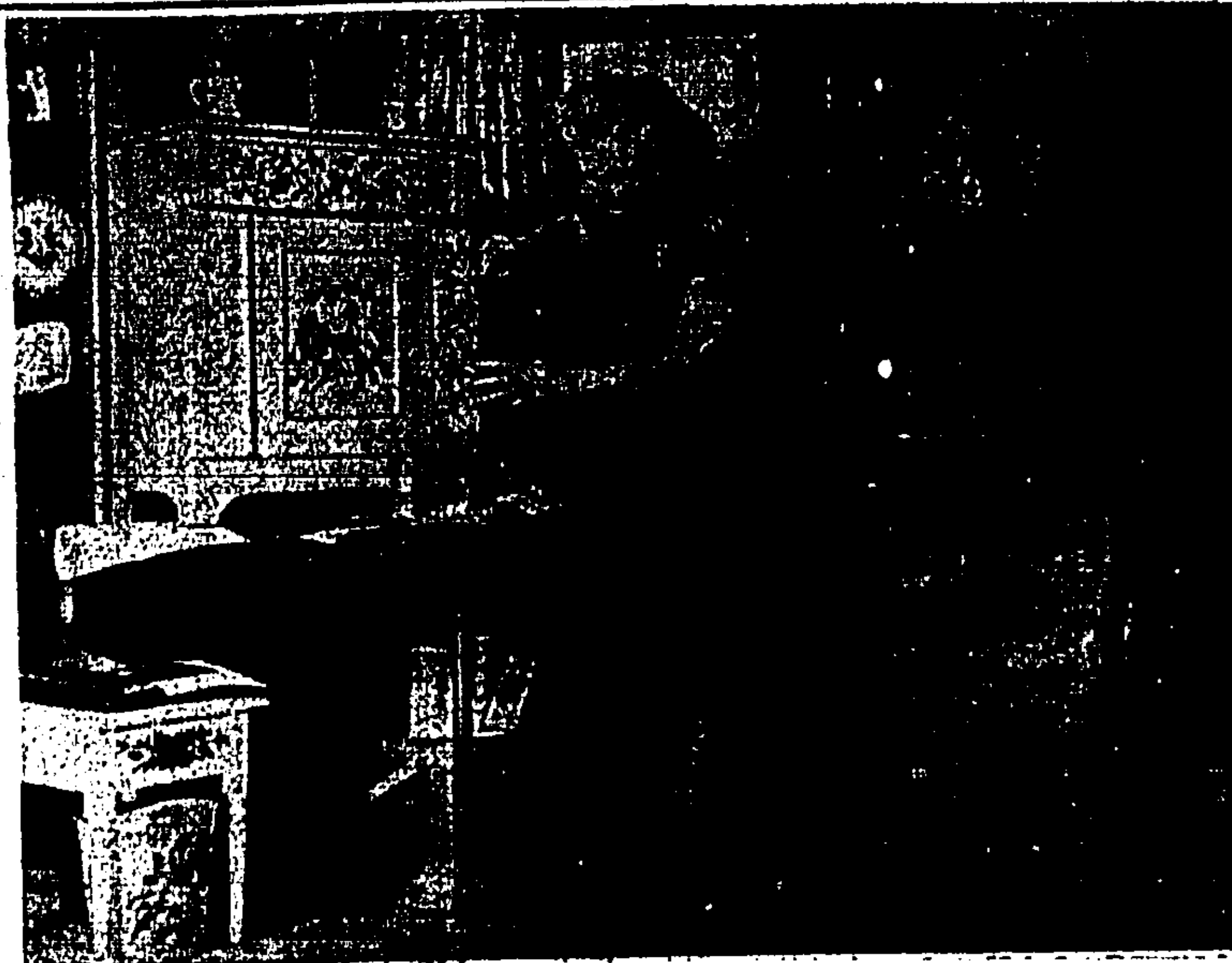
By MARION CLYDE McCARROLL

WHO'S going to be thing both easy and enjoyable. To help the young homemaker care for the house plants that make her windows bright and gay, give her a book or two on the care of special flowering plants such as geraniums or African violets. A book on flower arrangement would be useful, too, and books on glassware, china and silver would give the bride special interest in the wedding gifts she'll receive in these categories. Something on table settings is another book she'll be delighted to receive.

Not just a bunch of books to put in the bookcases of the library of the new home she'll have. But a well-selected variety of household books—cookbooks, books on interior decoration, how-to-do books that cover all branches of house-keeping and home-making—so that the young bride will start off with a reference shelf that will enable her to astonish her new husband with her domestic skill.

These are just a few suggestions. Those who will be joining in the shower will think of lots more.

Incidentally, if you want to make a special gift, let one of the shower gifts be a colourfully decorated shelf to hold her reference library. If one of you has a husband or other relative who's handy with tools, get him to make the shelf, and decorate it yourself, going it, perhaps, in some way that will be a gay reminder of the crowd. A book shower will be definitely different. It can't miss being a huge success.



BESIDES COOKBOOKS, the bride should have a selection of household books such as "Painting Patterns for Home Decorations," which shows how to make old furniture new.

## What to Do For Freckles

By HELEN FOLLETT

IF you are a victim of summer freckles—there are two kinds, the transient and the permanent—this is the time to get after them. The sun's rays are not blistering as in mid-summer. You are not likely to have any additional little yellow polka dots to increase the colony you already have. It is just as well to do a little complexion conditioning when the leaves begin to fall.

Instead of using your regular cream at bedtime, get one that contains mild bleaching ingredients. Cosmetic chemists no longer offer strong lotions that stay on the face; they are not safe to use. Harmless elements are incorporated in some creamy offerings. Home cures can be found in strained lemon juice that should be applied after the face is washed and allowed to dry on. Buttermilk, because of the acid content, sometimes helps. Peroxide if fresh, may whiten the skin.

## Correct Name

The correct name for a case of freckles is lentigo, in case you care to know. These yellowish spots are brought about as a rule by exposure to the rays of the sun, though strong winds may be a factor. Though they may be removed by skin peeling, they will return upon exposure, so drastic means of getting rid of them are not recommended.

Summer freckles can be avoided if, early in the season, protective measures are taken against them. If the skin is kept lubricated the surface is not likely to become burned or discoloured.



THE BRIDE WHO WANTS TO please that brand-new husband will begin right away learning to make apple pie. It won't take her long to become an expert if she follows the easy recipe in the latest "Just For Two" cookbook.

## It's Your Home:

## After this rain a dry-out is needed

By BOB SCHARFF

IF your cellar is wet, or even damp, after a heavy rain or a long thaw, a few simple and inexpensive repairs may remedy the condition.

First, check the grading to be sure that surface water drains away from the house, and make sure the drains are not clogged up.

Next, check the cellar walls and floor for cracks. If you find any, they should be widened and deepened with a hammer and chisel and then filled with cement.

Aside from cracks, the place most likely to need attention is where the walls join the floor. Water often seeps into the cellar along the path shown by the dotted line in the diagram. The remedy is a waterproof cove all around the inside of the cellar. If necessary, this cove can be extended up the walls for a foot or two.

With a stiff wire brush remove all loose particles from the surfaces being repaired, and get rid of any traces of oil or grease with naphtha or gasoline. A waterproofing compound should be added to the concrete mixture to stop water seepage and aid in bonding the new concrete to the old. There are many good waterproofing compounds on the market. Whatever compound you choose should be

added to the concrete mixture in accordance with the manufacturer's directions.

For the mortar itself, a mixture of three parts of clean sand to one part of cement is satisfactory. Mix these well and add just enough water and waterproofing compound to produce a stiff, thick paste. Now prime the surfaces where the mortar is to be applied with a very thin mixture of cement, water and waterproofing compound. Before this primer dries, spread the concrete mortar on thick and smooth it out with a rectangular shaped trowel.

If you are particular about the appearance of the job, a uniform curve can be given to the cove by smoothing it out with a milk bottle.

If you use an emulsified asphalt as a waterproofing compound, it is best to finish off all concrete work containing the asphalt with a thin coating of cement, fine sand and water shortly after the other mortar has begun to set. This treatment gives a white coating over the black asphalt-impregnated concrete.

After the concrete work has been completed and is thoroughly dry, the whole cellar can be treated with any of many special basement paints. Apply this damp-proofing and floor paint according to the manufacturer's instructions.

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MISS Judith Ann Rowell, daughter of Mr T. R. Rowell, Director of Education, and Mrs Rowell, was married on Wednesday to Lieut. John Charles Longley. The wedding took place at St John's Cathedral. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Charles Quinn and his bride, formerly Miss Yolanda Franco, after their wedding at the Rosary Church. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP picture taken at a farewell party given by Mr and Mrs Wong Kang-sai to Mr N. A. Marcham, who is returning to England, at the Golden City Restaurant. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken after the recent wedding at St Teresa's Church, Kowloon, of Mr Cheng Yok-chiu and Miss Paula Chan. (Brilliant)



LITTLE Michael Dansoy celebrated his sixth birthday last week. Picture taken at his birthday party at the Gloucester Hotel. (Ming Yuen)



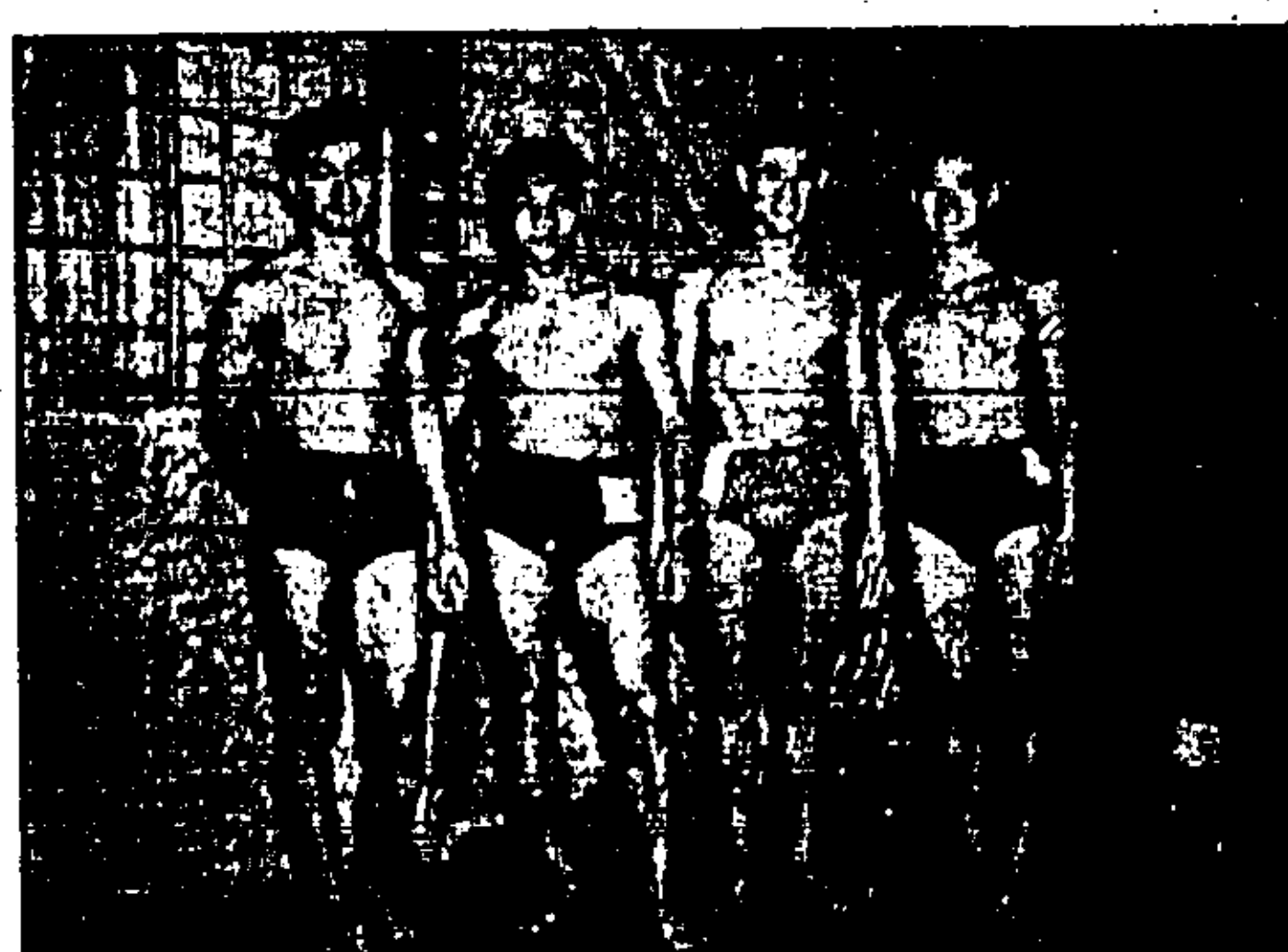
CAPT. Symington, O.C. of the Royal Military Police, Hongkong, left for Home in the Devonshire. He is shown here (second from right) following a presentation at a farewell party held in his honour. (Jimmy Foo)



AT the Correspondents' Club dance on Wednesday evening. Above, from left: Mrs Harmon, Mr V. Kendrick, Mr W. Gordon Harmon and Mr M. E. Parrott. Left: Mr Pierre Brissard and his party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Man Singh and his bride, formerly Miss Char Kaur, following their wedding last Sunday. The ceremony took place at the Sikh Temple. (Ming Yuen)



THE Wah Yan College team which won the 200 metres freestyle at the inter-schools swimming sports on Tuesday. Cheung Kin-man (second from right) shattered the Chinese national record for the 400 metres freestyle. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SUSAN Anne, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. L. Cole, was christened at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. This picture was taken after the ceremony. (Wilson)

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MR Herbert Hall Pierce and his bride, formerly Miss Teresa Stella Marques, following their wedding at St Joseph's Church on Tuesday. (Ming Yuen)



MR and Mrs Andrew Ooi after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last week. The bride was formerly Miss Gloria Woo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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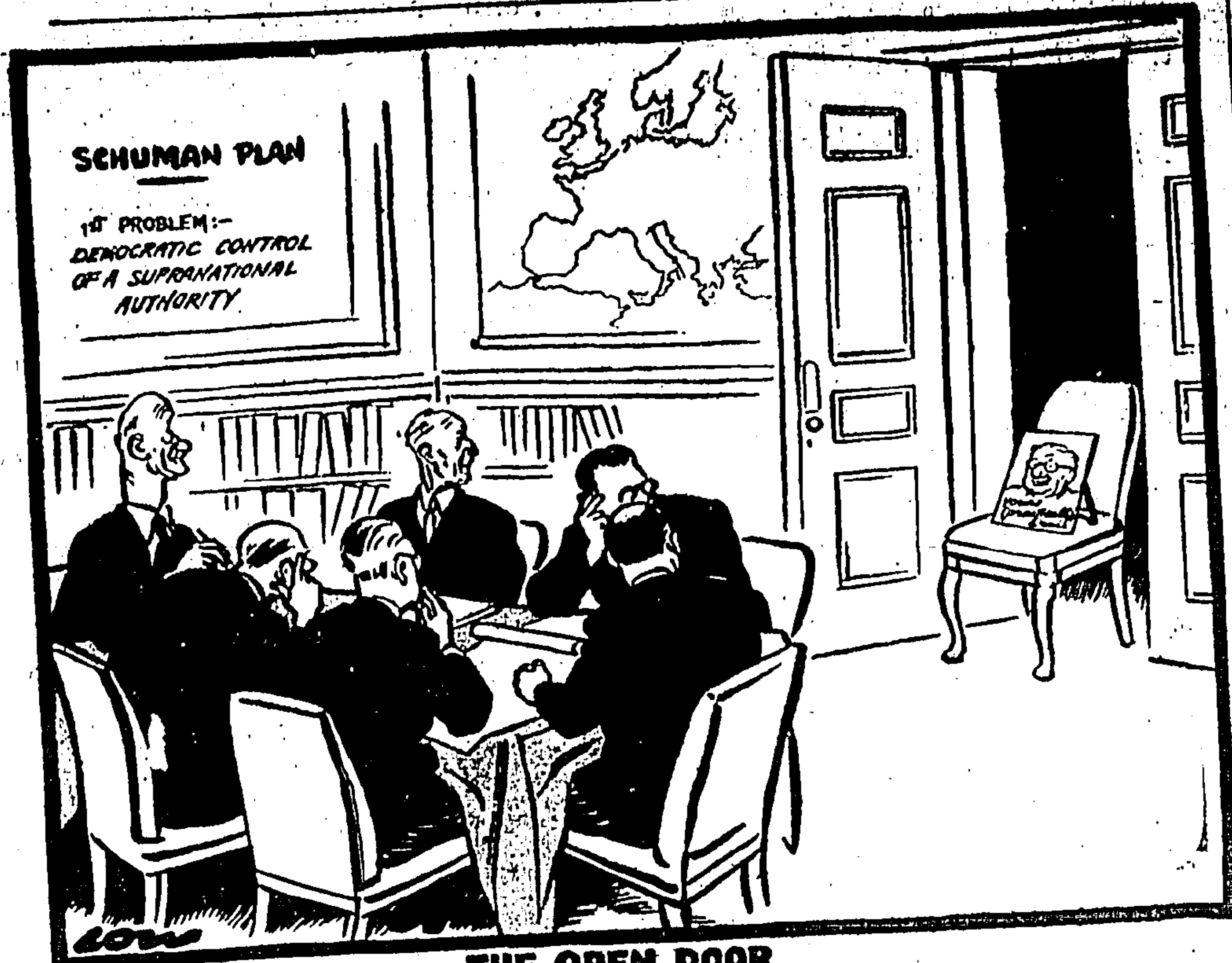


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THE OPEN DOOR

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# She got away with 50 murders

But when she vanished—ah, there was a mystery

by JOHN PREBBLE

"FIFTY books!" exclaimed Mr. Atlee. "Many of them have beguiled and made agreeable my leisure."

This dignified enthusiasm is not aroused by the latest Fabian tract to hand, but by the fact that there is being published this month the fiftieth book by Mrs. Agatha Christie, writer of detective stories.

So well known among the well-known is she that not only the Premier, but Mr. Anthony Eden, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Sir Norman Birkett, and Wilfred Pickles have gone into print to say how happy they are about it.

While Mrs. Christie looks and dresses like a happy provincial matron who has experienced nothing worse than the thunderstorm which wrecked the flower show, she has in fact been getting away with murder.

## Death's Dividends

BY dagger-point and pistol-shot, poison phial and foul play, she has been winning the middle class for 30 years, and they have been so entertained by the thought of her that they have bought 50,000,000 copies of her books. And at that rate death pays her handsome dividends.

"But don't ask me how much," she will say, smiling out of the shadow of a large straw hat of 1930 vintage; "I leave all that to my agent."

Her agent must have a head for figures. An outsider, judging sales against possible royalties, may decide that in a lean year Mrs. Christie makes do on something like £4,000. In a fat year there is no telling what it might be, that is, anyone but the Inland Revenue.

## 'Golden Gertrude'

OF her 50,000,000 sales, 30,000,000 are estimated to have been in America. There, on one occasion, she won a "Golden Gertrude" (a literary Oscar) for selling 5,000,000 copies in one year. Gertrude turned out to be a kangaroo statuette, gilt, not golden. And the English Customs decided that it was "an undesirable import," but finally let it in under "the same conditions as the Lonsdale belt."

In 1948 Penguin Books issued ten green-backed Christies and watched the sales reach a million in a year. The figure is now over two millions. This means that her royalties from Penguin books have brought her over £20,000. Her royalties from other publishers were equalled but "I couldn't sing."



Mrs. Agatha Christie. ... In the lower picture she appears with her husband on a hillside above Greenway House, their Devonshire home.

only by Bernard Shaw and Homer's Odyssey, a fact which says much for the catholicism of our literary taste.

## In Most Languages

SHE has been translated into most languages, and even penetrated Eastern Europe.

There, her books seem to have left an extraordinary picture of life in the decadent West where our police are so inefficient that murder is solved by an egg-headed Belgian expatriate (Hercule Poirot) and a fluffy, needle-witted spinster (Miss Marple).

But the Christie money does not come alone from books. Five of her novels became films.

Her plays have made stage reputations. What sort of woman does all this?

An expansively built, motherly person, with white hair and simple, uncomplicated charm. A woman who says she would like best to do nothing at all, "just sit in the sun with my feet up."

She once wanted to be a concert pianist, but was "too nervous," then an opera singer, but "I couldn't sing."

She was born in Torquay (When? Some 50-odd years ago) as Agatha Mary Clarissa Miller, daughter of an American ("But I'm English"). Christie is the name of her first husband, her second and present husband is Max Mallowan, Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology in the University of London.

## Her Desert Tent

AT this point exit Agatha Christie, novelist, enter Mrs. Mallowan, "a pretty fair archaeologist," currently a staid excavator of the ancient city of Nimrod, Syria. There, in the desert, in a tent, she types her novels with three fingers of each hand. Sometimes she breaks off to photograph or record something her husband has unearthed.

Professor Mallowan reciprocates this interest in his work. Although she believes that he had never read a novel before he married her, she has read the novels written by Agatha Christie.

They go to the desert (where they first met 20 years ago) once a year, and seem quite happy that it will take another 20 years (and presumably 30 novels) before Nimrod is finally unearthed.

In England they have a flat in Chelsea, where, among "paintings that can be lived with" and gewgaws bought in local antique shops, Mrs. Mallowan finds it easy to become Agatha Christie and write.

There is also a six-bed-roomed house at Wallingford, Berks, and a fine old Georgian house overlooking the Dart in Devon.

The rest of the family is made up by her married daughter Rosalind and her grandson Matthew.

All of which presents a well-rounded picture of successful novelist, wife, and mother. Not that it was always so: her literary career started with "dour novels" which nobody would buy.

When at the age of 20 she wrote her first detective novel nobody seemed anxious to buy that either.

Her seventh book, "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," established her.

Yet some of her most devoted admirers have not forgiven her for that book. It broke the rules. Who on earth would suspect that the murderer would turn out to be the kindly old doctor who narrated the story?

But no mystery she ever created in fiction could compare in dramatic tension with the one she created in fact. This was in 1926, and brought a wave of sometimes questionable publicity. And 1926 was the year of her first success.

One day in December her car was found abandoned near Newlands Corner. She had been there for two hours, police, crime, bloodhounds, cars, and planes looked for her.

And then she turned up in a Harrogate hydro under the name of "Nesje." What a plot! Had not she made Poirot plot? Had not she made it possible to disappear?

The public, never credulous for long, wanted to know whether half the country had been turned upside down to prove the Belgian right.

Then doctors issued a bulletin: Mrs. Christie had been suffering from amnesia.

The greatest mystery story ever to come from Agatha Christie died down.

## Her Fiction World

HOW high Agatha Christie stands among the elite of detective fiction is open to debate.

She is no great character-builder, no original stylist. But in her books there is the urbanity of English middle-class life. Here is a world of country houses where the servant problem is only just making itself felt.

And her detectives, unlike those in America, do not have to break a man's nose to prove their point. She has the essence of good taste in murder.

(London Express Service)

# LIST YOUR HUSBAND'S GOOD POINTS

Canon Warner On Husbands & Wives

"IT HARDLY seems worth writing about, but I am worried. We have been married more than 20 years, and we seem to do no more than just top along."

We keep on having rows over the most absurd trifles. All the heart seems to be draining slowly away from our love. I used to think my husband such a fine man, now I wonder what I saw in him. Is there anything we can do to bring back life to our marriage?

BEGIN by getting pencil and paper. Make a list of all the good qualities possessed by your husband. Next, another list of all the bad qualities which other husbands have, but which yours has not. Digest the result, and I think you will be pleasantly surprised. We tend to take each other's good points too much for granted.

Now for this drabness which has infected your marriage. Whenever a marriage gets into the "doldrums" like this, and the sparkle has gone out of it, you will find that the stimulation of outside interests and occupations is missing.

The couple are turned in on themselves. They have exhausted each other's resources by trying to be entirely self-sufficient.

Hobbies, outside work, and general interests shared with others in the community where you live, have a way of feeding the personality of a husband or wife. They give it edge, verve, and vitality.

You both have something to talk about to each other, to discuss and to share. As a by-product of fuller life so shared, you will find a new happiness coming into your marriage, which you would never have found had you gone bald-headed at "happiness" itself.

If you sit at home, pottering about with no special purpose, you will get to seed and molehills will become mountains.

So begin looking outwards. A job of community service, perhaps, into which you can throw yourself. Your church will be able to offer you activities of many kinds where your talents can blossom.

In worship, best of all, you will find a release of spirit and an object of devotion which will irradiate your marriage with new happiness.

## THE BREAKER

"AFTER a bad R.A.F. crash I felt terrible about sadting my wife with a cripple to look after. Instead of a husband, I went to my lawyer for advice. Later, he had asked to see my wife, had had a stormy interview with her, and she had agreed to a separation."

"I wrote explaining the terrible mistake, but my letters were returned unopened. Her solicitor has now written to me and said that my wife will never return and that he will certainly do all in his power to prevent a reconciliation, as 'any divorce is better than non.'"

"I have no remedy; is there no way of getting past the solicitor and of saving my marriage?"

THIS is an extraordinary story, and something has gone terribly wrong. High Court judges have been at pains lately to point out that it is a matter of public policy that every effort should be made to save a marriage and that the interpretation of law must be governed by this overriding consideration.

Therefore, every lawyer has the prime duty of striving to mend a marriage if possible, rather than to persuade a client to seek divorce, merely because there is evidence on which a divorce could be granted. Every reputable lawyer acts on this principle.

But in every profession you have the "black sheep." Their presence in the legal profession casts a slur on one of the most honourable of all professions.

Few people, for instance, realise the amount of free advice and kindly friendship which solicitors as a whole offer to their clients.

For the sake of everybody the black sheep must be shown up. You should write a full account, with whatever evidence you may have, to the Disciplinary Committee of the Law Society, 13, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.2. If satisfied, they will expel the lawyer from their ranks.

When you have succeeded in contacting your wife, you will both need the help which a trained marriage consultant will be able to give you. There is no reason why your marriage should not be made a happy one again.

But there may be technical matters about which you will need special advice.

At any large teaching hospital the specialist staff are used to the problems confronting men who have been severely injured and for whom normal married life is impossible.

(London Express Service)

# C. V. R. Thompson Miss Churchill downs on Sunset Boulevard

SARAH Churchill, just arrived in Hollywood, has scarcely had time to unpack in her new home, a beach-front house (no swimming pool), which she has rented from Bebe Daniels.

She does not yet know Hollywood's traffic rules (every man for himself), and was almost arrested for her ignorance, until the policeman discovered whose daughter she is.

But already they have begun to give her the "star treatment."

The challenge Hollywood has accepted is to make Miss Churchill at least as famous with the public as her father. So she got a call from "publicity," the all-important studio department which decides when it is best for a star to be friendly with a taredor, or to preach sermons from the pulpit.

ITS ANONYMOUS geniuses ordain just how much, or how little, the public shall know of actors' and actresses' off-screen lives.

Miss Churchill was asked to drop everything for her first meeting with her Hollywood Press. It took place in the commissary (Hollywood, for restaurant), at the biggest studio in town.

She arrived late. That is just what a star should do. But in Miss Churchill's case it was only because of those traffic rules along Sunset Boulevard.

Her arrival caused quite a stir. And that, mind you, in a restaurant where no one bothered to look up when Cary Grant came in.

THE WAITERS, used every day to serving Great Gar-

son or Clark Gable or Spencer Tracy or Elizabeth Taylor, hovered around her as if she were already Hollywood's new first lady.

Hardly had Miss Churchill swallowed the cherry from the summit of a mountain of fruit salad than the questions began. They came from an oddly-assorted group of a dozen or so.

Miss Churchill had a ready and good-humoured answer for all but one.

Did her father like films? Some of them, mostly historical ones. Did he approve of her acting in a Hollywood film? Yes, he was thrilled.

WAS SHE interested in politics? Yes. Did she think Americans understood the British political situation? Yes.

Why didn't she wear a wedding ring? She did, but on the right hand. Continental fashion, largely because she had a beautiful engagement ring she liked to wear on her left hand.

The one question which brought a ready answer, but not such a good-humoured one, came from a woman. She asked if Miss Churchill found that in her stage and film career her father was a handicap to her.

I must confess I almost cheered when Miss Churchill replied: "It is not possible for my father to be a handicap to anyone."

DOLLAR EARNINGS of the Churchill family will be considerably enhanced by Miss Churchill's Hollywood engagement. She will earn around £800 a week for three months.

Judy Garland and Fred Astaire play in the film. Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford are the other stars.

The film, to be called "Royal Wedding" is a musical comedy set in London at the time of Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

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ORDERS BOOKED



# How To Cut Down Your Bunker Troubles . . .

## by DAI REES



DAI REES calls this out-of-a-bunker stroke a "shot saver." PICTURE ONE: No hip turn here. Take the shot with the left hand. PICTURE TWO: The club cuts across the ball. PICTURE THREE: Club is checked short with the face pointing skywards. And the ball is flopping down near the pin.



Even the best golfers land themselves in trouble; so if your early shots get into a bunker, don't worry too much. You'll be in the same sort of fix often enough later on. But there is a professional way out of trouble which you might as well learn right away.

Look at the three pictures which begin on the left. This is a technique for trap shots which I saw Norman von Nida using during my Australian tour this spring. Follow the action carefully through the pictures and captions. The shot needs to be played slowly but not slackly.

Instead of trying to shoot the ball out let the club head do all the work—let it make the ball flop.

You need to come right across the ball and finish (Picture 3) with the club face pointing to the sky. This is a real shot saver—to practise it. While tackling the bunker problem the more experienced reader may like to know a bit about rolling three shots into two.

Where the handicap man is content to pitch on to a green for two putts, or to get out of a bunker and hole out in two putts, the man who is trying to score in the sixties aims at getting the ball near enough to the hole for a single putt. This is done from a bunker trap with a wedge or sand iron. These are deep-faced clubs with heavy soles. Every golfer should have one or the other.

### SWING SLOWLY

Whatever type of bunker you are in, the shot is the same. Swing the club slowly—it is impossible to swing it too slowly—taking it back in an upright arc, and then flop the ball out with the left hand.

The left hand, with flexible wrist, leads throughout the shot. Keep the right hand out of it. Practising trap shots is essential, yet very few amateurs ever bother.

A good bunker player can go for the green confidently with a wooden club. He knows that if by some mischance he misses the green, he can get out and be near enough to the edge to get down in a single putt.

Rolling three shots into two from the fairway is the same. The wedge comes in again, the same flop shot with an upright arc, the clubhead swung with the left hand. But the ball must be hit firmly. It takes time to learn how, but it pays dividends.

Remember this—you do not

### BELGIUM'S HIGH COURT DECIDES

Other countries besides Britain suffer from entertainment tax. Superintendents of swimming baths in Belgium who have been struggling to free themselves, took their case to the High Court of Brussels.

This was the verdict:

"Whereas it cannot be contested that theatorium is a place of amusement and attraction sought after by the public, because games, sports and swimming contests take place there to which the public are admitted;

"Whereas the spectacle of human anatomy of varying degrees of aesthetic beauty, clad only in vestimentary vestiges of minuscule proportions, and of flamboyant colour, attract the glances of the human eye, by reason of the contrast of the pigmentation of bodies exposing themselves to pure solar radiation with others attracted by creams productive of colouring effects...all this, even taking into consideration the hygienic aspect, does come into the category of attractions and exhibitions regarded by the law as taxable.

So now they know!

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL

American heavyweights Lee Oma and Bill Weinberg have been expelled from the boxing commission of Ohio for (a) insulting each other and (b) coming to blows until interrupted by the police.

A short time previously they had been disqualified during a bout at Cincinnati for not fighting.

—(London Express Service)

### Not Keen On Cricket

Is cricket losing its grip on youth, asks Mr. E. J. Holt of the International Athletic Federation. He quotes a public school which has had trouble in finding two XIs because of rival interest in lawn tennis and athletics.

He says boys and cricket teams too static. There is something in this. A player known as a good batsman at school has had trouble in finding two XIs because of rival interest in lawn tennis and athletics.

In athletics or lawn tennis defeat means eclipse; the conqueror ensures promotion.

—(London Express Service)

### TRYING AGAIN

Hotel accommodation has been booked by swimmers at Dover and Folkestone.

One of the first to arrive is expected to be Philip Mickman, of Osett, Yorkshire, who last year at the age of 18, swam from Cap Gris-Nez to Kings-

down, near Deal. He starts training at Dover on June 19. Philip's father said: "Philip will concentrate this year on trying to swim from England to France. He is not going in for any competitions."

—(London Express Service)

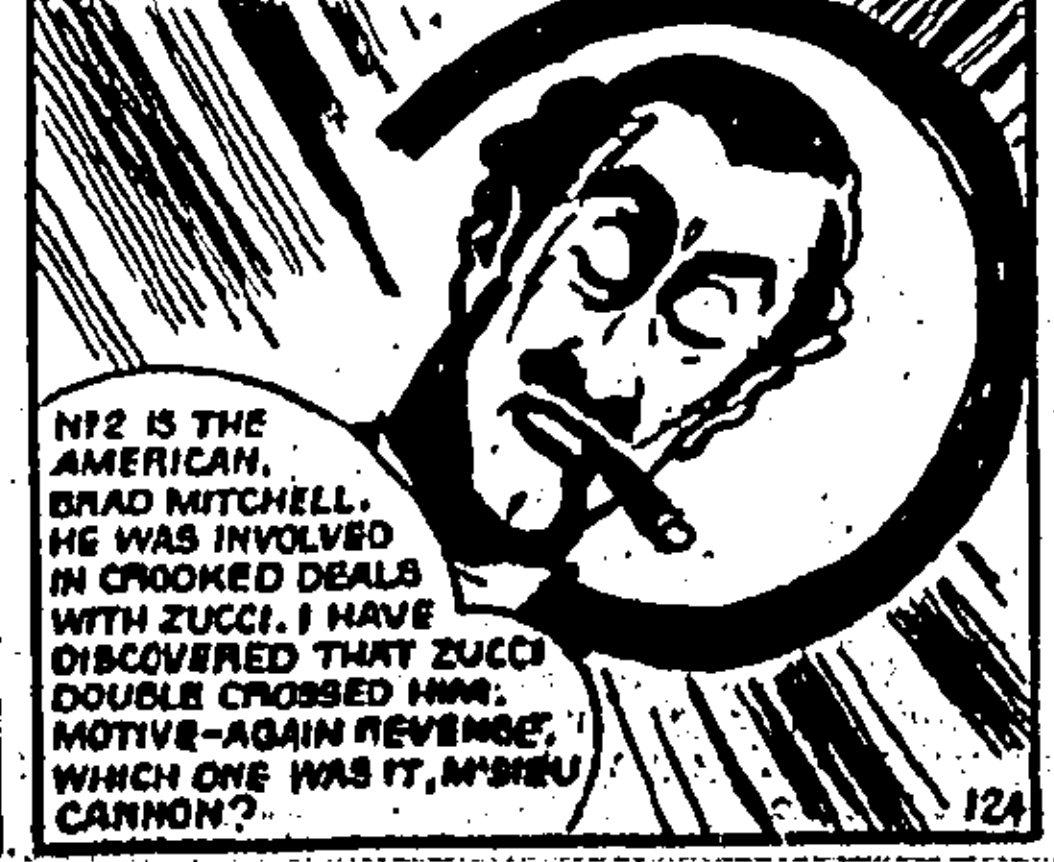
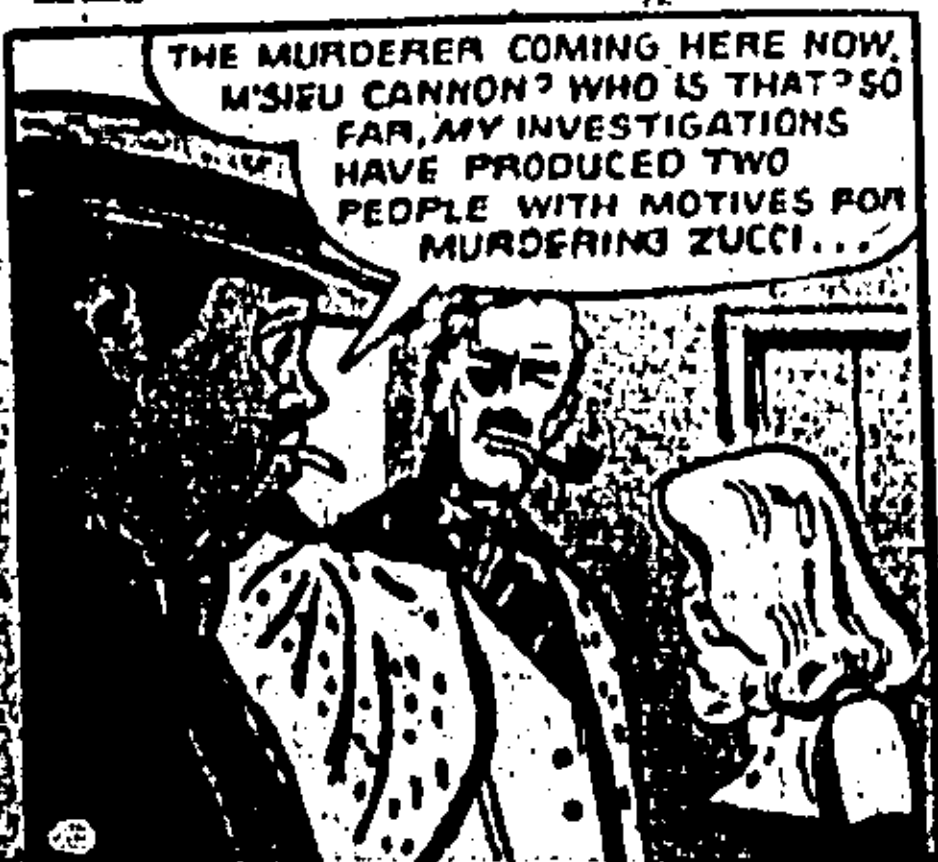
### AS DANNY SEES IT

We hear so many stories of the pitiful awaiting the amateur boxer who turns professional that it is stimulating to hear a less gloomy side of the question from Danny O'Sullivan, ex-Finsbury Park electrician who became British professional bantamweight champion a little more than two years after carrying off an ABA trophy.

"After Luis Romero beat me for the European title," Danny told reporter George Whitting, "several friends asked me whether I was sorry I left the amateurs, but I have no regrets. "Funnily enough, I never really wanted to turn professional—I only did so to keep my young brother, Dickie, company. However, boxing has enabled me to give my wife and children a comfortable home in the suburbs, whereas had I stayed amateur we might still be living in rooms."

—(London Express Service)

### K. O. CANNON . . . WITH WHISPER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



## SPRING SPORTS SCHOOL

### Down Your Bunker Troubles . . .

No. 2 by DAI REES

### QUESTION ? ? TIME

#### In the rough

Q. Is it safe or advisable to use a wooden club from the rough?  
A. Yes—if you are playing from the short rough on the fairway edge. Use a No. 4 wood if you want distance. Aim at the back of the ball—and hit hard. The ball will come out if you hit it square enough.

But never attempt the impossible out of the rough. If you cannot make the green, play out safely and go for the pin with the next shot.

To get out of really thick rough, use a heavy, lofted club, and crash the head down on to the ball smartly. It is no use swinging wide and attempting to sweep the ball out. Back it out firmly—and that's where physical strength comes in.

#### Above the ball

Q. What is the best method of playing a shot when you have to stand above the ball?  
A. Take a long grip of the club, hit down and through, keep the head steady throughout and aim slightly to the left. There is always a tendency when standing above the ball for the shot to be hit to the right, so you must allow for it.

#### Below the ball

Q. What about the shot when you stand lower than the ball?  
A. Take a shorter grip of the club, hit the ball firmly, down and through, and stand closer to it. Make allowance this time for the tendency to hook. In other words, aim to the right of the objective.

—(London Express Service)

## Schroeder Gives USLTA A Choice

By JACK METCALFE

La Crescenta, Cal.—Ted Schroeder has given the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association a choice—it can have him on the 1950 USA Davis Cup team or it can have him as an American star at Wimbledon, but he can't do both.

"I'm a very important man in my business," the 28-year-old star said. "In fact, I'm the only man in the outfit—I do everything from typing letters to hauling the stuff around." His company distributes refrigeration equipment for ice cream, frozen food and milk trucks.

"The Davis Cup committee feels that I need five weeks' play on grass to prepare for the tournament, and I agree—I need six weeks," Ted said. "But I can't spare five weeks. At least, not at one time."

"Unfortunately, all the grass court tournaments come at once, so I told the committee that if I could help out either by playing or by training others, I would be glad to do it."

"I can give three consecutive weeks to tennis. If the Davis Cup committee wants me under those conditions, I can have me. If it says it will pass me up and go to the next man, I'll use the time to trot across to the Wimbledon tournament."

He added that he won't know about his Wimbledon plans until the Davis Cup Committee answers him. He is defending champion at Wimbledon.

Schroeder has been playing less and less tennis with each successive year as his business demanded more of his time, and he has suffered defeats at the hands of lesser players because he is out of practice.

He has been the key man in USA Davis Cup victories over Australia for the past four years. He never has been beaten by an Aussie Cup man.

He insists he will not turn professional, as did his one-time doubles partner, Jack Kramer, and Pancho Gonzales, who beat Ted for the USA National singles crown last September.

"Tennis is just a game—I don't want to make it my business," he said.—United Press.

### John Macadam's Column

## MILLER DISSECTS DON BRADMAN

When, at the start of the last Australian cricket tour of this country, we suggested that it would be a gracious thing if Britain were to show appreciation of what the Australians had done for the national summer game by giving a title to her greatest cricketer son, we did so fully aware of the score.

We knew that Don Bradman, for all his quality as a batsman and a slogger, was not the best-loved athlete in the Antipodes; that he had, in fact, as many critics at home as he had here. We could guess at some of the reasons for openly voiced criticism.

Now, in one of the frankest books about a living person we remember reading, it is all set out clearly, neither for nor against Bradman but merely in explanation of his extraordinary character.

Keith Miller, the cricketer, cavalier, and R. S. Whittington, the ex-player and now writer on the game, have laid the Don on a slab and dissected him as painstakingly as a first-year medical student would a frog. One fascinating section of the analysis deals with his Bowral boyhood when Bradman spent lonely hours after hour in the fields developing his batting by hitting a golf ball against a tank with a narrow stick.

"Most lonely boys," say the writers with discrimination, "grow to prefer their own company, develop a complex about mixing with the more hale and hearty 'good fellows' they meet when they reach the years of manhood."

POPULAR IN 1948  
Criticism of Bradman stressed his aloofness, his sensitivity to criticism and his ambitiousness. "You will always find Don happier in the company of children, of men older or younger than himself, than in the company of fellows of his own age."

"This perhaps explains to a certain extent his popularity with the members of the 1948 team to England and his limited popularity with most members of the 1950 and 1954 teams."

"Most of Don's recent team-mates have been from five to fifteen years his junior. If he does not often enter into their off-the-field pursuits, they make allowances. His twenty-year-old contemporaries, however, are reputed not to have liked his comparative teetotalism, his non-smoking, to have ragged the up-country boy unmercifully, to have driven him deeply inside himself."

"The climax occurred in England in 1930. Bradman received a gift of £1,000 from the soap magnate Whitelaw for having scored 309 in a day at Leeds."

NO FORGIVING  
"He spent the evening playing gramophone records by himself in his room. Most members of the touring party will never forgive him for not 'shouting' them a dinner or at least a drink on that occasion."

"Perhaps...he might have liked to have entertained those few members of the team who were his friends, but naturally enough drew the line at playing host to men who were continually maligning him behind his back."

It is a sad picture of a god in private, but it has all the elements of a true one and maybe the nearest we can expect to get to the character of any contemporary sportsman.

All the great cricket personalities of the last quarter of a century are in this fascinatingly trenchant book—Walter Hammond doesn't escape the lash any more than Bradman does—Constantine, "Gubby" Allen, Grace and all of them. It is well worth a permanent place.

"Cricket Caravan," by Keith Miller and R. S. Whittington, Lollimer House, 10s. 6d. —(London Express Service)

### FLYING TUTOR

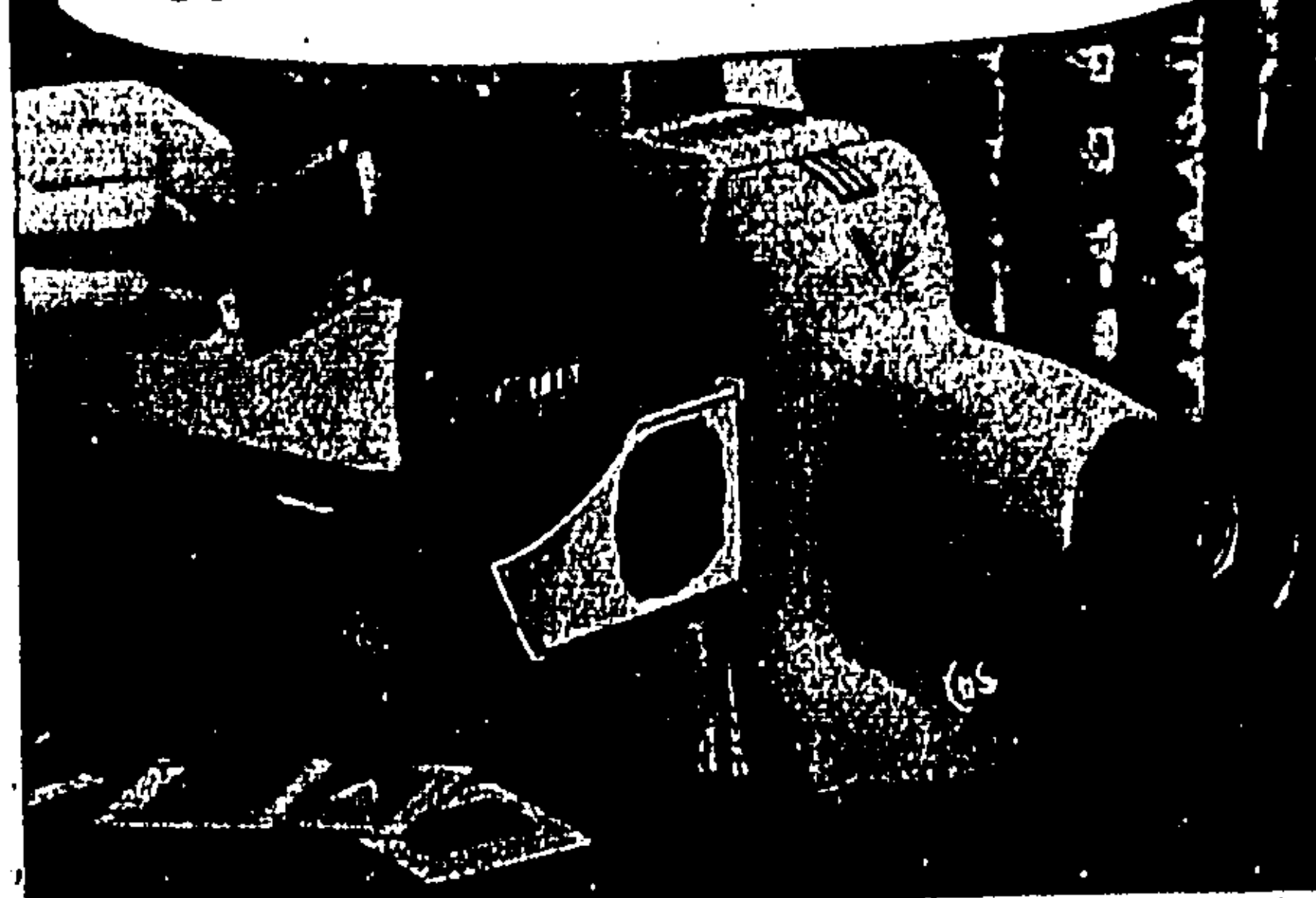
Western Australia has a flying golf tutor—former English professional Charles Jackson who was a keen observer at Ganton of the methods of the Ryder Cup players.

Now at Nedlands, he travelled 4,000 miles by air to give mass instruction at the Darwin club. In a 14 days' course, he took four classes a day of 15 pupils each.

—(London Express Service)

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ANNE COUPAR samples German housekeeping

# Frau Marthe Moll enjoys her shopping at least

DUSSELDORF. THE happiest hour of Frau Marthe Moll's day is when she unhooks her big black shopping bag and toils down the sixty-nine stone steps out into the sunshine to go marketing.

She has to go every day, for she lives, with a hundred other homeless families, in the gigantic air-raid shelter known as Der Bunker, in Munsterstrasse, Dusseldorf.

There is no space in the three small cells which she, her husband, son, daughter, and granddaughter have called home for five years to fix a ladder.

Each room costs 4s. a week, and to rent another—even if they could get it—just to keep food in, would cost too much.

But in the six-by-four-foot windowless room that is kitchen-living-room-bedroom combined, Frau Marthe contrives appetising and attractive meals.

Herr Moll earns 55 marks (£4 10s.) a week as a labourer in the Pöhlische-Ittli rubber works, and hands over £4 7s. for the housekeeping. His son, making good money as a builder's labourer, makes his mother's budget up to almost £7. Of this, £4 17s. 6d. a week goes on food.

Chrysalis, the invalid daughter, cannot go out to work. Little Annaliese, the orphaned granddaughter, drinks a litre of milk a day—just under two pints—

**'Food is their gossip, their entertainment, and their source of pride...'**

## No queues

A BRITISH housewife would understand when Frau Moll says that the most satisfactory thing in the German workers' food paradise is the total absence of queues. With a dozen shops offering the same thing at the same prices, the frau has no need to line up for anything.

As the weather is fine, Frau Moll, purse in hand, takes a tram to the Schwannemarkt. Here, tight-packed round a pleasant, flower-bedded open space, are the stalls of the grocer, fish, fruit, and meat merchants.

Some have striped sun canopies. Some carry on under faded red or blue umbrellas. All are crammed full of goods with prices clearly marked, so that no time is wasted in answering needless questions.

The meat stall first. "Of course, we cannot afford fresh meat every day," explains Frau Moll, but she perhaps yes. She decides on kalbshen—a lovely little roll of roasting veal. She watches 2lb. cut off, and hands over about 4s. 4d.

Then vegetables—summer spinach is 3d. a lb., a lettuce 7d., cucumber 1s. 8d., and cauliflower (very extravagant, this, explains Frau Moll) 2s.

After hesitating between German and Danish butter, she asks for half a lb. of Danish, 2s. And four eggs at 3d. each.

## Her problem

SEVEN lb. of potatoes, cheap today at 4d., five bananas at 3d., each, 1lb. of sugar, 11d., 3lb. of crisp loaf, 1s. 3d., and it is time to go home.

On the way, Frau Moll pauses at the sausage shop for the pleasurable problem of deciding which of the 35 different kinds of "wurst" she will buy tomorrow. Choosing a sausage is a serious business and Frau Moll sighs as she decides it will have to be knoblauchwurst again, at 6d. a lb.

The shop was crowded by prosperous-looking women buying cocktail savouries—krabben aspik at 11d., a minute portion, Seeachs schnitzel (chopped salmon) at 7d. a quarter.

They looked doubtfully at a mound of Deutsch kaviar (black fish-roe) at 2s. 6d. a quarter. Cheap, they told me, but better left for foreign visitors who do not know the difference from the real caviar.

## Who buys?

A MINOR mystery of the German shops is who buys the clothes displayed. Gown shops in Düsseldorf, Germany's nationally famous shopping street, are full of smart frocks and footwear. But the clothes you see in the swirling crowds on the pavement are far less gay, and the usual footwear is heavy and crepe sole.

But in nylons the German frau and fraulein are determined fashion followers. Every second shop, no matter what else it is selling, displays French and American nylons at 12s. 6d. to 19s. a pair.

The Germans have no utility clothes-scheme: it was tried, was not popular, and was dropped.

Prices of clothes are from three to five guineas for a suit, or long coat; summer frocks from £2 10s. Gloves are expensive, around 35s. Handbags and accessories are cheap—£4 for a large leather handbag, with matching belt.

## His mark

IN the past, the German male was known by the roll of fat bulging over the back of his collar. During the war this distinguishing mark disappeared. In the past year it has gradually rolled back. If the frau could only slim as fast as her man puts on weight she might share her interest more equally between fashion and food.

As it is, mid-morning shopping is normally interrupted while the German housewife rests her feet and samples chocolate layer-cake, pineapple slice, or Fürst pucker at about 1s.

The Fürst pucker is something only a German would think of for a mid-morning snack. It looks like a Rugby football, but inside the chocolate cover is a thick layer of marzipan; inside that are rainbow layers of cream and sponge.

## Soap in plenty

THE German housewife need never send her linen to the laundry for lack of soap. Shop windows filled by variety of washing and toilet soaps dazzle her with special displays.

She knows all the "household brands" that are familiar here, and she refuses to have anything to do with soap substitutes. The one thing that is scarce of soap is the German housewife cynically, "what's the good of furniture if you can't get a house to put it in?"

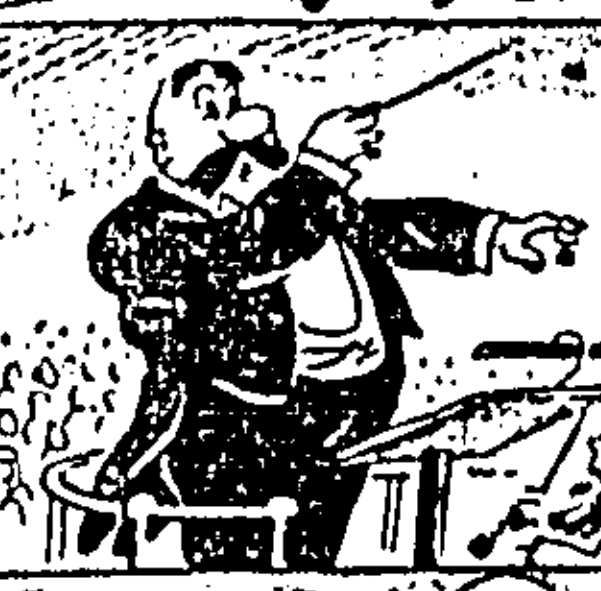
But, then, these to the German are lesser evils. Food is their passion, their entertainment, their source of pride and satisfaction.

If they are short of money to buy all they need—the opportunity and incentive is there to do a little overtime or an odd job. Just an hour or two extra—and one more steak dinner is assured.

(London Express Service)

## DAB and FLOUNDER

—by WALTER



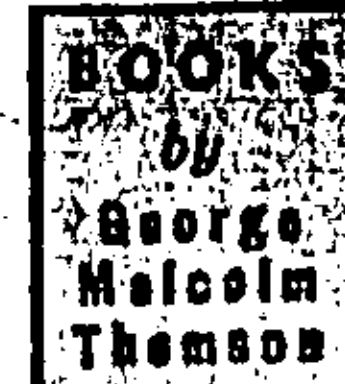
## Sir Alfred's soft pedal

IT was just a year ago that Sir Alfred Munnings startled the Royal Academy dinner—with an attack on "modern" art. Now, on the eve of another Academy dinner, I have news that Sir Alfred's memoirs will be published (by the Museum Press) in November.

But the "moderns" need not shake in their shoes. Sir Alfred is letting them off. "It will not be a controversial book," he tells me, "just some memories of knocking about here and there."

You know those suitcases that expand according to the amount of stuff you pack into them? That, in effect, is to be the autobiography of Sir Osbert Sitwell. The fifth volume of Sir Osbert's life story is to be published in September (Macmillan) under the title of Noble Essences. Then all five are to be bound together into an omnibus volume.

Altogether they will run to about 700,000 words. But make no mistake, that will not be the end of the opus. Sir Osbert warns that he will re-open the suitcase later on to pack more into it.



# Meet the poet of Hangover Square

THE IRON HOOP. By Constantine FitzGibbon, school-friend of his daughter Clara. Cassell, 9s. 220 pages.

"Is he a meteor or a new star?" That was the question irresistibly prompted by young FitzGibbon's brilliant first novel, The Arabian Bird. After The Iron Hoop it is still an open question.

The reason is not that FitzGibbon is temporarily bereft of his astonishingly mature talent, but that he is, perversely, applying them to tasks for which they are not specially adapted. He is the master of the shabby night club, the shady night bird; the bitter poet of mean-dawns and hangovers. His mood is almost violently contemporary.

But The Iron Hoop has no time. Its scene is limbo. It is a fable as much as a novel.

In a devastated city after a war, FitzGibbon's people crawl about in the ruins, corrupting one another. Which city? Which war? We are warned not to ask. "Let me repeat once more," admonishes the author, "this city has no nationality and belongs to no age."

But, as the reader is constantly trying to fit a name and a nationality to the city and its inhabitants, there is an effect like double vision. The characters are, at one moment, creatures of flesh and blood; at the next, actors in a sinister charade. A charade that is, often, touched with impressive vision.

## CAPTAIN IN LOVE

A young captain of the occupying army falls in love with Anna, a waitress of the defeated nation living among the rubble of the Iron Hoop (a vast area of blitzed city). The captain can offer Anna comfort, affection, even marriage (he is unhappy with his wife). But when the crisis comes she chooses her own people.

Anna's brother is involved in a plot to overthrow the occupying authority. It is a preposterous plot, a frail web of hope spun by a fraudulent, charming creature called the Hero. It ends in failure, yet somehow it has undermined the morale of the conquerors and sown the seeds of national revival among the defeated.

Anna joins the conspirators in time to see the collapse of the plot, to realise that she loves the Hero—and that he is a liar and a coward. The Captain is sent home, more or less in disgrace. Underneath this half-hearted melodrama is a deeper intuition: of the Iron Hoop as something persisting, even beautiful, with power over the imagination. It

## Book of the Month

## Two choices for May

George Malcolm Thomson has chosen two books for the month of May. They are:

THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS, by Rose Macaulay (Collins, 1s. 6d.).

THE BRAVE BULLS, by Tom Macaulay (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.).

is an image of the strength men draw from disaster and humiliation. This book is a bold, imposing failure. And a reminder that FitzGibbon is one of the most unusual of young writers.

THE LOST TRAVELLER. By Antonia White, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d., 314 pages.

THIS lost traveller is still waiting for the train to start. The red carpet is down on the platform. Antonia White, in her smart station-master's uniform, has assembled in the first-class compartment a promising group of travelling companions for use. Claude Batchelor, Isabel, his pretty wife, Clara, their daughter, and the others.

At any moment, surely, the whistle will blow. At any moment? Who could honestly swear, when page 314 is reached, that he heard it, that the journey was necessary—or even that there was a journey at all?

Antonia White has modelled people, with some subtlety, with some severity; she has painted scenes in clear, often humorous, colours. But is there movement? Is there excitement? Is there a theme swirling to a climax? The story lies as peaceful as porridge, and every now and then Antonia White takes a half-hearted stir at it with a long spoon. Claude Batchelor, a middle-aged schoolmaster, fussy, snobbish, and a convert to Roman Catholicism, yet feeling that, as a Catholic, he is not quite "top-drawer"—Claude makes love to Pasty Cohen, a

school-friend of his daughter Clara.

"MADE TO ATTRACT" He swoops down and grasps one of Pasty's silken ankles, muttering in a thick voice: "You're made to attract, aren't you?"

The trouble about this episode is not that it is morally painful, but that it is completely ridiculous. Not for a moment can we see Claude doing anything of the kind. In fact, his amorous, frivolous wife, seems a more promising source of emotional entanglement and crisis. But not Isabel's love affair with her husband's drunken, poetry-spouting Irish colleague ends in anti-climax. And one has the impression that Isabel is relieved.

As for Clara—and The Lost Traveller is really Clara's book—she goes as gossamer to an old Catholic family Edward, the heir, a disagreeable little boy, left in her charge is killed jumping down from a wall.

It is the nearest thing to drama in the whole book, and it pushes Clara into an engagement with Archie, a young aristocrat, whom she does not love. From this muddle she is saved by foolish worldly wise Isabel. Claude, his head full of "feudal" nonsense, is hotly in favour of the marriage.

It is not, then, for the display of human passions in tense and turbulent career that you will go to this novel. But as a picture, unhappy, unkind honest of a narrow, rather special London milieu before and during the War; as a small gallery of slightly tired portraits, as a half-shrink-ing response to life—in these respects The Lost Traveller arrives somewhere.

MASCARADE. By Gabriel Chevallier, Secher and Warburg, 9s. 6d. 240 pages.

THIS is not the bawdy, exuberant Chevallier of Clochemerle. He is quieter here, more economical; his fun has a faintly bitter tang; the craftsmanship is solid.

One-way Street, first of the four stories, tells how Jean-Marie Dubois becomes a collaborator while still honestly considering himself a patriot. When he is shot by the Maquis, his last words, uttered with complete conviction are "Long live France!" A dexterous study in the moral atmosphere of occupied France.

# ARE YOU MERELY A SOAK?

Books and persons BY HORACE THOROGOOD

• Medieval Chinese sage. Yuan Hui-tao places the novel Chin Ping Mei (new edition now from John Lane) high in his list of "Books that should be studied by the Complete Drinker". Not to know it, he said, "is to be a mere soaker and no true drinking companion."

• I hear that Victor Hugo's grandson, Jean Hugo, has collaborated with authors Princess Marthe Bibesco in a new ballet based on La Fontaine's fable, The Bird Pierced by an Arrow, for performance by the Monte Carlo Ballet Company.

The princess used the same theme in her last novel, Prince

Imperial. She is in England just now, working on a further volume of Proust memoirs.

• Volume 3 of Noel Coward's Collected Plays (Heinemann, shortly) includes "Sirocco." This was a failure when produced at Daly's Theatre in the early twenties, and Coward recalls his hostile reception at the end.

There were boos, catcalls. He says: "I snapped back that I expected better manners." This provoked further tumult.

On his way from stage door to his car, some of these critics spat at him. He had to send his suit to be cleaned.

# VIGNETTES OF LIFE



# "Father's Day"

BY KEMP STARRETT







PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

# The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

## George escapes

What has happened so far.

Julian, Dick and Anne came to stay with their cousin George, called George for short, and her dog Timmy. All kinds of unpleasant things have happened, and now George is imprisoned in a tower of an old house on the coast. Julian, Dick and Anne have come to try and rescue her. Jo has actually climbed the tower and is now in the tower and is trying to find George. How has she managed to get in?

### CHAPTER 20

GEORGE looked as if she was in a dream. She went across to the door. She and Jo slipped out, and stood at the top of the spiral staircase.

"Have to go down here, I suppose," said Jo. She looked at her head and listened.

But before she had gone down more than a dozen steps she stopped in fright. Somebody was coming up!

The slow steps came up and up, sounding hollowly on the stone stairs. They could hear a panting breath now, too.

An idea came to Jo. She put her mouth close to George's ear. "Listen! We look awful alike. I'll let myself be caught and locked up in that room—and you take the chance to slip down and go to Dick and Julian. I'll never know I'm not out—we've even got the same clothes—on now because Jo gave me old ones of yours."

"No," said George, astounded. "You'll be caught. I don't want you to do that."

"You've got to," whispered Jo, fiercely. "Down to the door, open the door and climb down the ivy, easy as winking, when Red's gone. It's your only chance."

THE footsteps were now at the top. Jo pushed George well behind a curtain and whispered fiercely again. "Anyway, I'm not really doing this for you. I'm doing it for Dick."

There was a loud exclamation when the man outside discovered the door of George's room open. He went in quickly and found nobody there. Out he came and yelled down the stairs.

"Markhoff! The door's open and the girl's gone! Who opened the door?"

"Well, she must be in one of the other rooms," said Markhoff, stolidly, quite unmoved by his master's fury. He came upstairs and went into the room on the opposite side to the room where Jo and George crouched trembling. Then he came into their room, and at once saw the top of Jo's head showing behind the chair.

He pounced on her and dragged her out. "Here she is!" he said, and didn't seem to realize that it was not George at all, but Jo. With their short hair, freckled faces and their similar clothes they really were alike. Jo smiled and struggled most realistically. Nobody would have guessed that she had planned to be caught and locked up!

"That'll do," mapped Red. "Have you shot that dog yet? No, you haven't! Go down and do it before he escapes too!"

George didn't know what to do. She heard Red and Markhoff go down the stone stairs, their boots making a terrific noise at first, and then gradually becoming fainter.

She slipped down after them. They went into a nearby room, still arguing.



Markhoff pounced on Jo and dragged her out.

She came into a dark, enormous hall that smelt musty and old. She ran to the great door at the front and tried to open it. It was very heavy but at last it swung slowly back.

She stood there in the bright sunlight, peering out cautiously.

She tore across the courtyard and came to the summer-house. Timmy was there, lying as if he were asleep. George flung herself on him, her arms round his thick neck.

"Timmy, oh Timmy!" she cried, and couldn't see him for tears. Timmy, far away in some dreamy dream, heard the voice he loved best in all the world. He stirred. He opened his eyes and saw George!

He was too heavy with his sleep to do more than lick her face. Then his eyes closed again.

In despair George glanced over the courtyard, fearful that she would see Markhoff coming at any moment.

SHE saw somebody else. She saw Julian standing in an archway opposite, staring at her.

In a trice Julian and Dick shot across the courtyard to George. "What happened, Jo?" said Julian. "Did you find George?"

"Jo—it's me, George! said George, and Julian suddenly saw that indeed it was George herself. He had been so certain that it was still Jo that he hadn't known it was George!

"Help me with Timmy," said George, and she pulled at the heavy dog. "Where shall we hide him?"

"Down underground," said Dick. "It's the only place. Come on!"

How they managed it they never quite know, but they did drag the heavy, snoring Timmy all the way across the yard and into the archway.

"Bring him right down to the caves," said Dick. "Those men are sure to hunt for him and for us too when they find Timmy's gone, and us not in the 'nuch."

They all sat down in a heap together when they got there, and George sat as close to Timmy as she could.

She told the boys in a low voice all that had happened with Jo. "She made me stay hidden so that she could be caught," she said. "She's wonderful. She's the bravest girl I ever knew."

"Listen," said Julian, suddenly. "I think we ought to make a plan quickly. I keep thinking I hear things. We're sure to be looked for soon, you know. What can we do?"

(NEXT WEEK—A Few Surprises)

(London Express Service)

## Left-handed music

By JOEY SASSO

"DON'T bite the hand that feeds you" is a proverb worth heeding. One small pig didn't take the advice and bit maestro Johnny Long on the right hand, severing the tendons on his right wrist.

Johnny decided that his hand was going to be long time healing and that he might never again play the violin. He decided on a rather unusual step. Taking his violin in hand, Johnny studied it. "Why," he thought to himself, "couldn't I restring this violin, with the strings just reversed, and play it left-handed?"

It was a logical thought and Johnny did it. It was a lucky guess—the reversed tendons never did grow back strong enough to play well.

Johnny practised day in and day out in his new "hobby." He had a lot of time and he perfected his left-hand fiddling. Now, he is probably the only left-side big-time violinist in the Western Hemisphere and quite possibly in the world. He's never heard of or met anyone who plays southpaw violin.

A FUNNY thing happened because of the special violin Johnny used. One day recently he was appearing at a benefit show with Dove Rubinoft, Johnny's wife and then sat by did his bit and then sat down.

Rubinoft's turn and he asked Johnny if he might borrow his violin. Rubinoft for some reason hadn't bothered to bring his own instrument.

Without cracking a smile, Johnny gave Rubinoft the violin and sat back to watch. The expressions that erupted on Rubinoft's face were really something to see. He couldn't imagine how it happened that what he was putting into the violin wasn't coming out. In fact what did come out was a series of weird discords. Rubinoft says he won't forget the experience.

"Shantytown" is the record that made Johnny famous and vice versa. Now he is associated with the time and dancers quest it wherever they appear. Sometime ago Johnny put another tune down in a similar vein on records. The song, "Right on the Back Porch," features the band in a patterned background that reminds you of his "Shantytown," "Blue Skies" and others.

Johnny's latest release is a tune called "We'll Build a Dimple," which is climbing toward the top.

JOHNNY'S musicians have been named "The Band to Watch This Year" by Song Hits Magazine, which features song lyrics. The editors think Long is on the way to becoming the top band of the year. Grosses and attendance records wherever he goes seem to follow along with their theory.

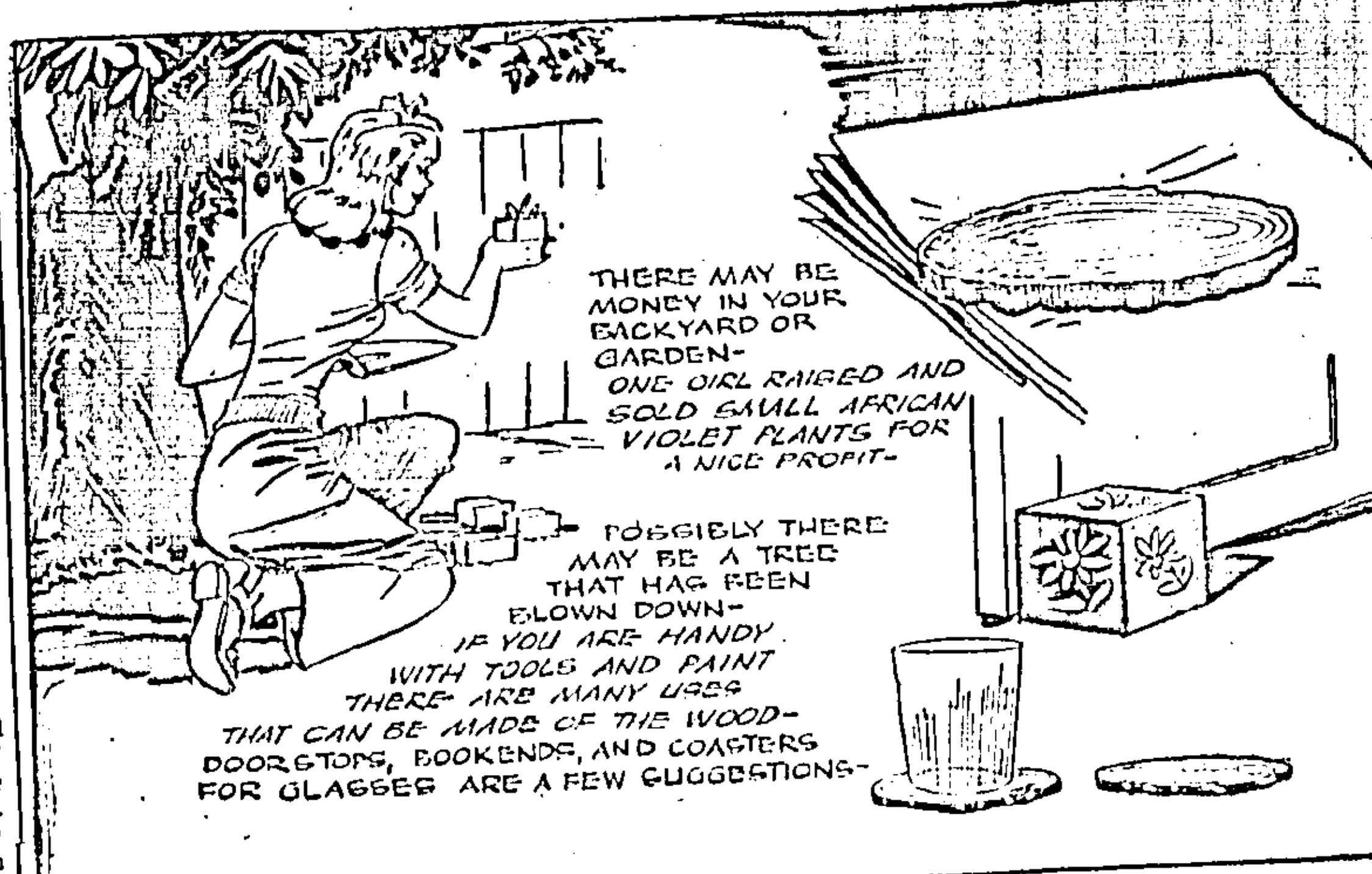
Long is an all-around man and at home in any element. He's just as much at ease in a ballroom or broadcasting studio as he is on a movie set or a hotel's intimate atmosphere.

Paul everywhere say he is "as natural and as refreshing" as when he went to Duke University a few years ago. One of his classmates also mastered a band in college and still leads one. Name—Les Brown.

It was the late Hal Kemp who suggested Johnny really concentrate on his first love—music. Johnny graduated from Duke equipped to teach English. Now that he's one of the top bandleaders in the country and married to beautiful Pat Waters, former actress, what do you think his untold desire is?

Yeah—he'd like to teach English at Duke!

## There may be some money in your garden



By DESS RITTER

IF you've ever said, "I wish I had a gold mine," start digging in your garden. There may be lots of substantial spare time cash in the soil, patiently waiting to be exhumed.

That's what Ellen Sheer, a New York schoolgirl, discovered recently, after receiving an inexpensive potted African violet plant as a birthday gift. She soon started selling brand new

suit—a whole series of saleable merchandise! "To grow them," she says, "is very simple, once the original plant starts flowering. First, pluck off a few of the large, healthy leaves. Set each in a separate potful of dirt. Take care that the soil touches only the stem. 'Moisturize' these starters via the roots, by pouring a little water in a saucer placed underneath each pot. Soon enough the leaves will take root. Ro-

Ellen always allows a few to grow until they're approximately six inches tall. Then she transplants them into a pot.

"They sell," she explains, "for a much larger sum."

There are many other ways to make money in your garden. You can grow and sell herbs, flowers, and vegetables. You can also grow and sell plants in pots.

One of the easiest ways to make money in your garden is to grow and sell plants in pots. You can grow and sell plants in pots.

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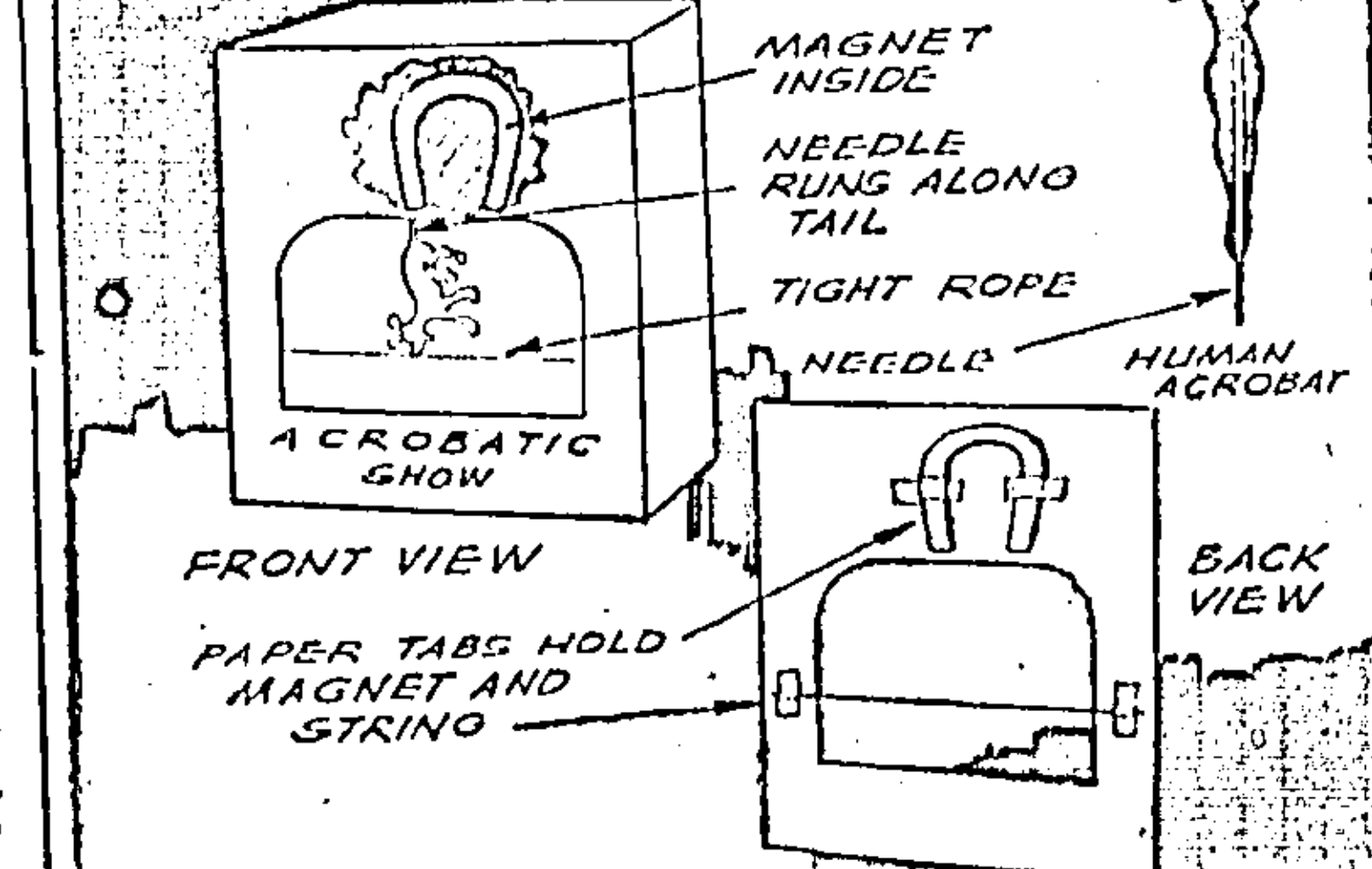
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## PAPER SIDE-SHOW OF ACROBATS

By WALTER KING

IF you can stand on your head 60 seconds you have the makings of an acrobat, although you will very likely ask for a floor on which to rest your head. Here are some paper acrobats who can stand on their noses on a tight rope. Some stunt!

First you make a stage of a large cardboard suit box. If you wish a more fancy and elaborate acrobatic



stage, the effect will be startling. When you place the paper figures on the tight rope, they balance themselves without any effort at all.

When you use a white string, paint the back scenery a dark color so that the string can be seen. If the back piece is black and the string black you can create another startling illusion by showing your acrobatic figures apparently floating in mid-air.

When this is done, as you will see from the drawing, by means of a hidden horseshoe magnet, held above and inside

the stage with gummed paper. Thin needles are fastened to the paper figures with a good rubber cement.

When you place the figures on the string, the magnet catches them by the tail, and dangles them in mid-air. Let the "smarlies" in the audience have as many guesses as they wish on how the figures perform. They are not likely to hit on the secret of the hidden magnet unless you tell them about it.

The acrobatic figures are cut from stiff paper and colored appropriately. If you present your show in a darkened room using a flashlight as a spotlight to play upon

booth, make the theatre out of plywood and paint it. The diagram shows you the size of the stage and the best position for the "tight rope" which is actually a strong piece of string.

These blocks sold very readily as decorative bookends, door props, and wall plaques. This enterprising youngster marketed some through a gift shop in his town. Others sold readily to teachers and friends in his high school.

POKE around the grounds near your home. There's bound to be lots of dead, nearby waiting to be converted into real live cash! Thick slices, sawed from felled, waste boughs and covered with inexpensive maple stain, might make genuinely beautiful round paper weights. Very thin slices can be converted into "woody" coasters for glasses.

Burn a simple, geometric pattern into each centre, or personalise your novelties with a single initial. This is done by heating the point of an ice pick to a ruby red hue. Then use it just as you would a pencil.

Rupert and Miranda—16

As soon as he gets his breath back Rupert points to the wording on the label. "If this is yours then you may be the present that Santa Claus gave to Jennifer!" "Yes, I certainly am," says the little doll as she steps out of the hollow tree and looks him angrily. "But I don't see what a wonderful, wonderful dream it was!"

THE WHOLE "BAG OF TRICKS"

colophony. This is a dark resin which may be purchased for a few cents.

The trick, you see, really hinges on a scientific experiment which you may easily perform any time if you dash some powdered colophony on the surface of some ink in a bottle and then dip a piece of paper in it. The resinous substance clings to the paper and prevents it from becoming all inked up.

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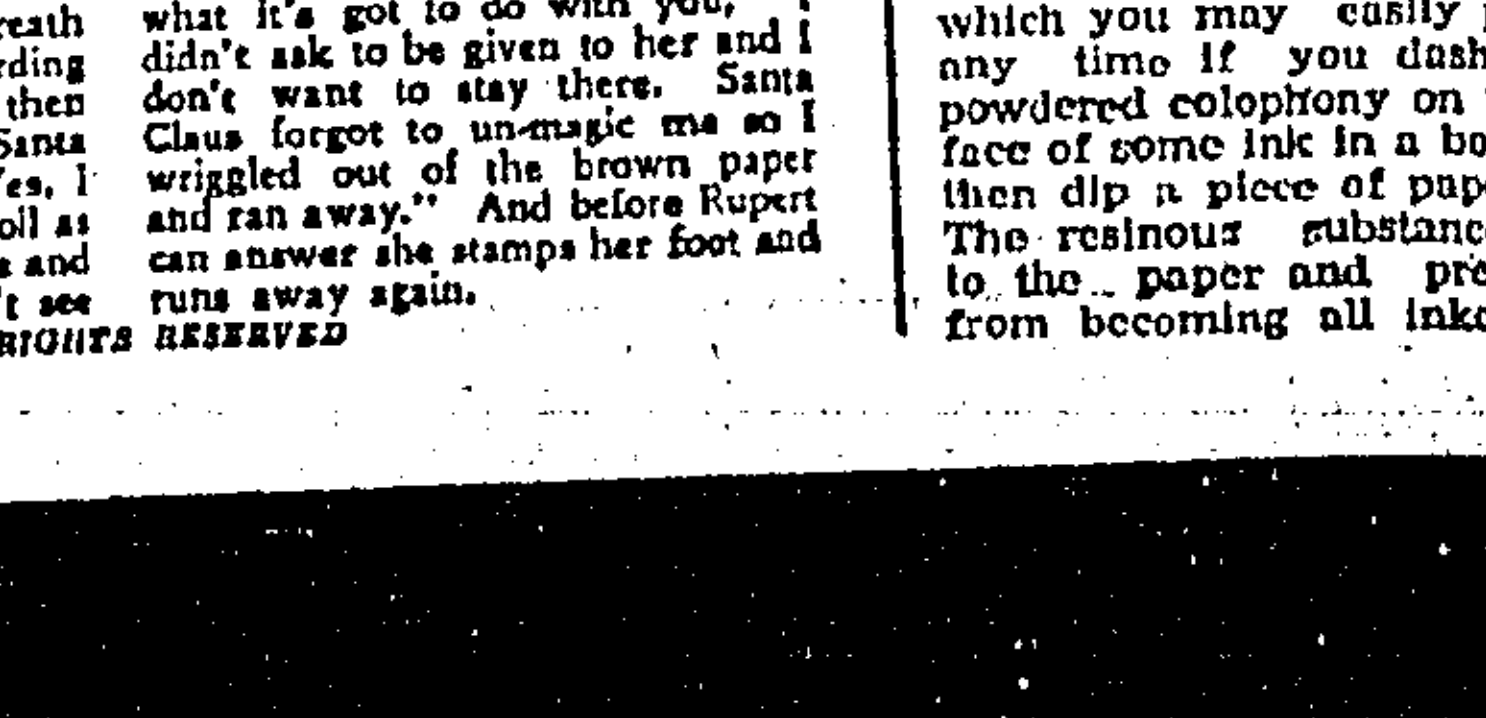
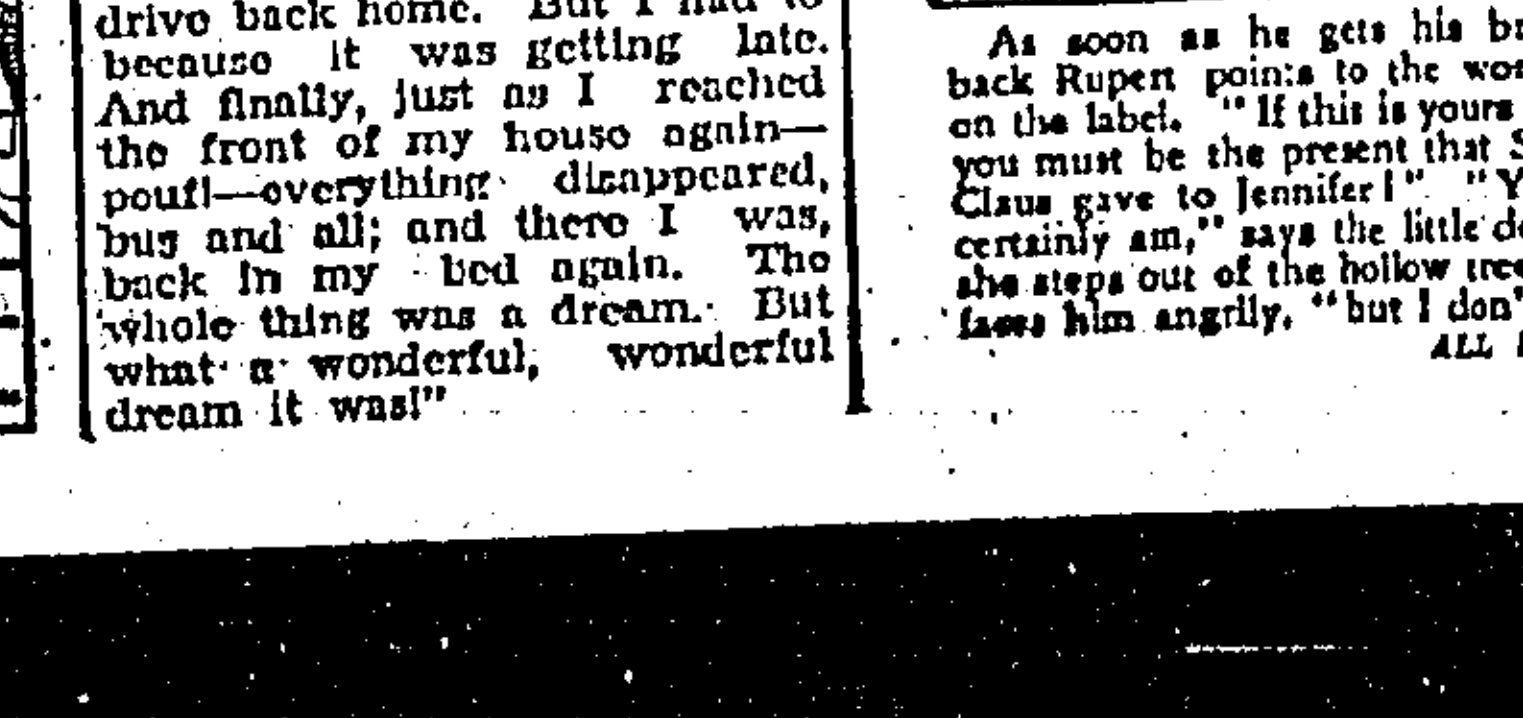
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## BRONCHO BILL

Somechin' Worth Seein'

By Harry F. O'Neill





## CHURCH NOTICES

**Hong Kong.**  
(Between the Bank of China and the  
National City Bank of New York.)

**Sunday 11 a.m.** Breaking-of-Bread,  
(for believers only).  
8.00 p.m. Gospel Service.

**Monday**  
6.00 p.m. Ladies' Meeting.  
8.00 p.m. Special Meeting for  
members of the Forces at  
No. 12, Chatham Road (1st floor), Kow-  
loon.

**Tuesday**  
8.00 p.m. Bible Study.

**Thursday**  
8.00 p.m. Prayer Meeting.

**Friday**  
8.00 p.m. Meeting for members  
of the Forces.

**Saturday**  
7.30 p.m. Young People's Fellow-  
ship Meeting.



